

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



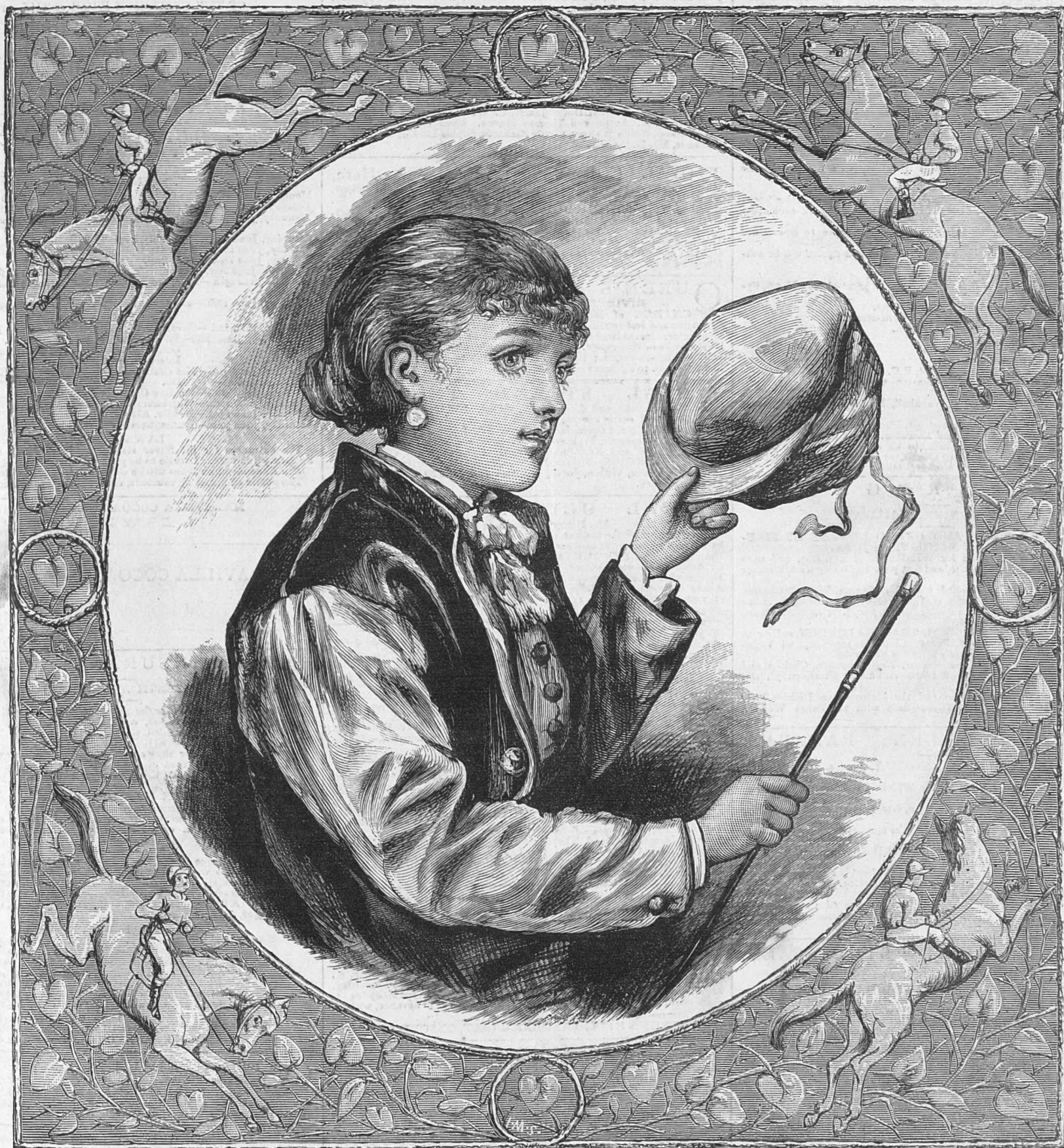
No. 173.—VOL. VII.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1877.

[COLOURED SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6½d.



"OUR FAVORITE."—By DOWER WILSON.



RAILWAYS.

EPSOM SUMMER RACES,  
MAY 29th, 30th, and 31st, and JUNE 1.  
LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH-COAST RAILWAY.

The ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Race Course) is from LONDON BRIDGE, VICTORIA, KENSINGTON, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction.

**EPSOM DOWNS STATION.**—This spacious and convenient station, within a few minutes walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared by the Brighton Railway Company for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First Class Ladies' Waiting-rooms elegantly furnished, will be provided.

**FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS** and CHEAP TRAINS between the above Stations on all four days of the Races; also Extra First Class Special Express Trains on the DERBY and OAKS days.

**EPSOM TOWN STATION.**—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Station will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Downs will be available to return from Epsom Town Station.

For further particulars see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, where tickets may also be obtained.  
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.  
London Bridge Terminus.

EPSOM SUMMER RACES.  
THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE TO EPSOM COURSE  
IS BY THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

General arrangements for May 30th, and 31st, and June 1st. FREQUENT TRAINS will run from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon Stations to EPSOM.

On the DERBY and OAKS DAYS (Wednesday and Friday) CHEAP TRAINS will run from Waterloo up to 9.20 a.m., and Special Fast Trains from 9.45 a.m. till 1.20 p.m. Passengers from Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea change at Clapham Junction into the Special Trains for Epsom, except on the Derby Day, when SPECIAL TRAINS will run from KENSINGTON to EPSOM DIRECT at 8.20 and 9.30 a.m. (CHEAP FARES), and FAST TRAINS from 10.0 a.m. (Special Fares) calling at West Brompton and Chelsea.

On THURSDAY CHEAP TRAINS will run from Waterloo up to 11.20 a.m., and SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from 11.30 a.m. till 1.20 p.m. The METROPOLITAN and METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAYS connect at Kensington (Addison-road) and West Brompton with the Ordinary and Special Trains to Epsom.

FARES by the CHEAP TRAINS between Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Epsom:—

Single Journey, 1st Class, 2s. 6d.; 2nd Class, 2s.; 3rd Class, 1s. 6d. Cheap Single Tickets from Epsom to London, at the above fares, will be issued at Epsom after 6.0 p.m. on each Race Day.

Fares by the Special Trains from Waterloo, Charing-cross, Cannon-street, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, Ludgate-hill, and Clapham Junction, during the time the Ordinary Trains are suspended:—

To Epsom and back, 7s. 6d.; to or from Epsom, 4s. A SPECIAL DIRECT TRAIN will leave the Waterloo Station (stopping at Vauxhall only) for EPSOM, at 1.20 p.m. punctually on each of the Race Days.

NOTE.—Tickets taken by the Brighton Company's route to Epsom are not available to return by the South Western Direct Quick Route. The Ordinary Train Service between London and Epsom will be suspended during the running of the Special Trains.

Tickets may be procured at Messrs. Tattersall's. The Company's West End Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus.

Griffin's Green Man and Still, Oxford-street. Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook's, 28, Conduit-street. The Lion Office, 108, New Bond-street. Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet-street. George and Blue Boar, Holborn. Golden Cross, Charing-cross. Exeter Building, Arthur-street West, E.C. The Swan with Two Necks, Gresham-street. Messrs. Gaze and Co., 142, Strand. And at the Waterloo Bridge, Vauxhall, Kensington, Charing-cross and Cannon-street Stations.

The Company's Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus, will be kept open till 11.0 p.m. on Wednesday and Thursday. For further particulars see small bills, to be obtained at all the above-mentioned Stations and Receiving Offices, or by post from the office of the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

ETON REGATTA.  
SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

PROCESSION OF BOATS AND GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS, ON MONDAY, 4TH JUNE.

Trains leave Waterloo Station for WINDSOR, at 7.45, 9.30, and 10.50 a.m., and 12.45, 2.30, 3.50, 4.55, 5.40, and 6.35 p.m. Returning from Windsor by any train.

Passengers can also be booked from Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea, via Clapham Junction, by the following Trains from Kensington (from Chelsea 5 minutes later), 7.10, 9.12, and 10.15 a.m., and 12.15, 1.35, 3.40, and 5.40 p.m.

In addition to the above, a SPECIAL TRAIN for LONDON, calling at Staines, Twickenham, Richmond, Barnes, Clapham Junction, and Vauxhall, will leave Windsor immediately after the Fireworks.

Fares:—Waterloo, Vauxhall, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction, to Windsor and Back—5s. 6d. 1st Class, 4s. 3d. 2nd Class, and 2s. 6d. Third Class.

Passengers from the Metropolitan and the Metropolitan District Railways, connect at Kensington (Addison-road) with the South Western Trains.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.  
ETON REGATTA, MONDAY, June 4.

Ordinary Trains leave LONDON for WINDSOR as under, and return at frequent intervals daily:—

Leave PADDDINGTON at 6.15, 6.50, 7.0, 8.10, 9.10, 10.30, 10.40, and 11.0 a.m., and 12.20, 1.15, 1.15, and 1.50 p.m.  
Leave Victoria (L.C. & D.) at 10.3 and 11.42 a.m., and 1.30 and 4.52 p.m., calling at all stations on West London line.

Passengers are also booked through to WINDSOR from stations on the Metropolitan and District Railways.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS (first and second class) in addition to the ordinary service, will leave PADDDINGTON for WINDSOR as required, and return after the fireworks up to 10.45 p.m.

Return fares from PADDDINGTON:—First-class, 5s. 6d.; second-class, 4s. 3d.  
J. GRIERSON, General Manager.  
Padddington Terminus.

THE DEWHURST "STUD" SALE,  
JUNE 9TH.  
SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

A SPECIAL TRAIN (First Class only) will leave Charing Cross at 10 a.m., calling at Waterloo and London Bridge for Wadhurst, returning at 6.0 p.m.  
JOHN SHAW,  
Manager and Secretary.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—Direct  
route to India. Fortnightly sailings.—First-class steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewardesses carried.  
From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

EUROPA ..... Saturday, June 2 ..... Wednesday, June 6.  
ITALIA ..... Saturday, June 23 ..... Wednesday, June 27.  
INDIA ..... Saturday, July 21 ..... Wednesday, July 25.  
First-class, 50 guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; and Henderson Brothers 10, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

"MISS VIOLA DACRE."—Letters addressed  
Care of Mr. J. Glease, 21, Ashley-place, Westminster.

THEATRES.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON will appear in the character of RIP VAN WINKLE at 8.0 o'clock THIS EVENING, and until further notice. Commence at 7.0 o'clock with A QUIET FAMILY. Mr. H. Jackson and Miss Fannie Leslie. At 8.0 o'clock the popular drama of RIP VAN WINKLE. To conclude with at 10.30, SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD. Prices from 1s. to 5s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7.0. Box-office open from 10.0 to 5.0 daily.

**ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.**—Every Evening. At 6.45, HIDE AND SEEK. At 7.30, STREETS OF LONDON. Mr. S. Emery, Messrs. W. McIntyre, J. G. Shore, F. Moreland, H. Vaughan, H. Evans, W. S. Parkes, Messdames A. Mellon, Huds-peth, E. Stuart, C. Nott, &c. And at 10.30, ROBERT MACAIRE. The MARTINETTI TROUPE. Prices from 6d. to 4s. 4s.—Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 6.45. Box Office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.  
Lessee and Manager Mrs. Bateman.

Every Evening at 8.30. A Drama arranged by Mr. Charles Reade from "Le Courrier de Lyon," entitled THE LYONS MAIL in which MR. HENRY IRVING will sustain the dual characters of Lesurques and Dubosc. Messrs. Meade, Brooke, Archer, Lyons, Tyars, Huntley, etc. Misses Virginia Frances, Lydia Howard, and Isabel Bateman. Scenery by Hawes Craven. Music by R. Stoepel. At 7.30 A Farce. Doors open at 7.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and  
Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Last nights of the season, owing to the intended departure of MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and Company for America. Every Evening at 7.30 A CONJUGAL LESSON. At 8, THE PET OF THE PETTICOATS; Miss Lydia Thompson and the entire company. Concluding with the successful burlesque of OXYGEN; OR, GAS IN BURLESQUE METRE, by Messrs. Reece and Farnie; supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messdames Ella Chapman, Marie Williams, Emily Duncan, Rozie Lowe, Harriet Coveney, Merville, Carthew, and Violet Cameron. Messrs. Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, Day, and Nelson.—Acting-Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and  
Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT. Sampson Burr, Mr. John Clarke. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS, a new farcical comedy, in three acts, by James Albery; supported by Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, J. Clarke, Wyatt. Messdames Fanny Josephs, Eastlake, M. Davis, Bruce, and Clermont. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees  
Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne.

Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron, (76th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestock, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Messdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare,  
Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock,

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Eraser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—No fees for booking. Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Long Acre.—  
RIVIERE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY EVENING. Grand Orchestra and first vocalists of the day. Conductor, M. Riviere. Assistant Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Magnificent decorations. Luxurious lounge and smoking rooms. Grand Promenade (with use of Amphitheatre and Smoking-room), 1s.; Upper circle, 2s.; Balcony stalls, 2s. 6d.; Private boxes, 10s. 6d. to 2 guineas.—Box office open 11 to 5 daily. Commence at 8.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.  
Sole Lessee and Manageress, MRS. SWANBOROUGH.—On

MONDAY and every evening. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30, with ON and OFF, Mr. Leitch, Miss Turner, &c., followed by MAMMON. Messrs. Cox, Grahame, Webber, Chamberlain, and W. H. Vernon, Misses Hughes, Taylor and Ada Swanborough. Conclude with THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE, Messrs. Marius, Cox, Penley, Carter, Turner, &c., Messdames Venne, Wilson, Jones, Williams and Miss Nellie Bouverie (her first appearance).

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.  
Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee.

Great success of the famous nautical drama, THE SCUTTLED SHIP, by Charles Reade, with new scenery and effects by Mr. W. Hann. Every Evening, at 7.30, THE SCUTTLED SHIP. Mr. Henry Neville; Messrs. C. Ashford, Elwood, Artaud, Avondale, Warren, Bauer, Culver, Byatt, Raiemond, Forbes Robertson, and R. Pateman; Mrs. Seymour, Misses Agnes Bennett, and Bella Pateman. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No booking fees. Prices from 1s. to 5s. 3s. No free list.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—  
SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.

NOTICE.—Glorious success of the new drama entitled DURING HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE. Every Evening at 7 o'clock, the new and original drama by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Pettitt, entitled DURING HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE. Characters by Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Symes, Vincent, Geo. Conquest, junr., Nicholls, Grant, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil &c. To conclude with the sensational drama entitled THE GHOST HUNTER. Dancing on the Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole  
Proprietress, Mrs. Sara Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45 (Wednesday

excepted) the successful Drama, adapted from the French, by Mrs. S. Lane, entitled ST. BARTHOLOMEW. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Reynolds, Newbound, Lever, Drayton, Jackson. Mdles. Adams, Bellair, Kayner, Pettifer. Followed by THE SPANISH PAGE. Mrs. S. Lane. Sisters Elliott. Messrs. Bigwood, Rhoyds; Mdles. Brewer, Summers. Concluding with ENRAGED TIGER. Mr. Lewis.

Wednesday, Benefit of Mr. J. Reynolds. GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW. Sisters Elliott. CRIME AND REMORSE.

LAST WEEK OF "TWO FOSTER BROTHERS."

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, TWO FOSTER BROTHERS, by Gilbert A'Beckett, music by A. Cellier. After which, A New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled EDWIN AND ANGELINA, and "No. 204," by F. C. Burnand, music by German Reed. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; morning representations every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, OXFORD-CIRCUS.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.  
WHITSUNTIME ATTRACTIONS.

HAZEL daily at 5.15 and 10.15.  
The Hindoo Snake Charmers at 2, 6, and 9.  
Every evening, Comedy, at 8.  
THE INCONSTANT.

Grand Variety Entertainment twice daily. The Royal Aquarium Choir. The Gilfort Brothers first appearance in London. The Chappino Troupe. Mdle. Frederika. Peterson's Dogs. The Mountaineers of the Appenines. The Marvellous Geretti; and Return of Lieut. Cole and his Funny Folks.

MR. MACDERMOTT will sing his famous WAR SONG EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

On Saturday the Grand Opera Concert, as arranged with the Director of HER MAJESTY'S OPERA. Admission daily, One Shilling, Saturdays Two Shillings; children, One Shilling; open 11 a.m., close 11 p.m. All the tanks fully stocked. The pleasantest lounge in London wet or dry.

EVANS'S  
MUSIC AND SUPPER ROOMS,  
COVENT GARDEN.

OLD ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, AND WELSH GLEES, AND CHORUSES,

By EVANS'S CELEBRATED CHOIR OF BOYS (under the direction of Mr. F. JONGHMANS), and the best available Comic Talent. OPEN AT RIGHT.

Admission, One Shilling. Private Boxes, One Guinea, A SUPER ROOM FOR LADIES NOW OPEN.

Proprietor ... .. J. BARNES-AMOR.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

NEW PROGRAMME having proved the Greatest Success of the Season WILL BE REPEATED EVERY NIGHT at 8. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 3 also. Doors open for the Day Performances at 2.30; for the Evening ditto at 7.15. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s. and 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees. No Charge for programmes.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-  
DENS, Regent's-park, are open daily (except Sunday). Admis-

sion 1s., on Monday 6d., children always 6d. The Collection of Hunting Trophies and Zoological specimens made during the Indian tour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is open from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily. The lions and tigers are transferred to the outer cages of the New Lion House every day, weather permitting. The Band of the 2d Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. W. Winterbottom, will, by permission of Col. A. C. H. Stewart, perform in the Gardens every Saturday at 4 o'clock, until further notice.

THE CRITERION.

VISITORS TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The attention of Ladies and Gentlemen is respectfully invited to the celebrated

COLD LUNCHEON, 2s. 6d.

SERVED IN THE  
GRAND HALL

OF THE CRITERION FROM 12 TILL 3 P.M.

CRITERION TABLE D'HÔTE, 3s. 6d.

LE DINER PARISIEN, 5s.

DAILY FROM 6 TO 8.30.

SPIERS AND POND,  
REGENT CIRCUS, PICCADILLY.

JUNE.—HURLINGHAM CLUB.—  
PROGRAMME.

SHOOTING.

Monday, June 4th.—The Oaks Handicap. 5 Stakes, Club Gun Grant. Tuesday, June 5th.—27 yards, 53 or 55 Stakes. 7 birds, £20 Cup. Thursday, June 7th.—30 yards, 510 Stakes. 15 birds, £25 Cup. Commence at 1.

Saturday, June 9th.—Lacrosse. England v. Scotland. 2.45 p.m. Monday, June 11th.—Handicap Optional Stakes. £20 Cup.

Monday, June 18th.—Handicap. 53 Stakes. £15 Cup. Thursday, June 21st.—27 yards. 2 Stakes, with a screen in front of traps.

Monday, June 25th.—2 birds at 25 yards; 2 at 28 yards; 2 at 30 yards. 52 or 55 Stakes. £15 Cup.

Thursday, June 28th.—26 Optional Stakes. 30 yards wire boundary.

POLO.

Saturday, June 2nd.—Cavalry v. Monmouthshire. 4 p.m. Band. Wednesday, June 6th.—First games for Champion Cup. Royal Horse Guards v. Staffordshire Team. Monmouthshire v. International Club.

Thursday, June 7th.—Ties continued.

Friday, June 8th.—Do.

Saturday, June 9th.—Deciding Game for Cup. Band.

Saturday, June 16th.—Wanderers v. Hurlingham Band.

Saturday, June 23rd.—Reds v. Blues.

Saturday, June 30th.—Hurlingham v. the World.

LAWN TENNIS.

The entrances for the Silver Racket at Lawn Tennis to close to the Secretary June 9th. Last tie to be played June 30th.

The Rhododendron Show will be open to June 30th inclusive.

The public admitted by vouchers, to be obtained from members.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.  
NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Report and Accounts for the year 1876, presented to the Shareholders at the ANNUAL MEETING, on Thursday, 17th May, 1877, at which BERNARD HALL, Esq., presided, shewed, in the

FIRE BRANCH,

That the premiums for 1876, after deducting Reinsurances amounted to £403,815, being an increase of £33,810 over the premium income of 1875, and the losses to £227,628, being 56.4 per cent. on the premiums of the year;

IN THE LIFE DEPARTMENT.

That new policies had been issued for £200,979, and that the Life Fund by the additions made to it as the result of the year's operations now represents 66.1 per cent. of the entire net premiums received on every policy in force.

The surplus balance in the Fire Account was shown to be £103,248, out of which £30,000 was appropriated to Suspense Account, raising that Account to £120,000, a sum sufficient to re-assure all outstanding risks, and £30,000 was added to the General Reserve fund, making that Fund stand at £160,000. A dividend and Bonus at the rate together of 15 per cent. was declared, £16, 243 being carried forward.

FUNDS.

Capital paid-up ... .. £180,035

Reserve Fund and Suspense Account ... 280,000

Balance Fire Account ... .. 16,243

Life Assurance Accumulation Fund ... 252,009

Annuity Fund ... .. 8,491

The income of the Company is now £493,120

The Company has paid in satisfaction of Claims £2,056,890

J. MONCRIEFF WILSON, General Manager.

T. WALTON THOMSON, Sub-Manager.

J. K. RUMFORD, Secretary in London.

OXFORD AND BACK.—The Passenger  
Steamer "ISIS" leaves KINGSTON, EVERY MONDAY, at 11.45, for WINDSOR, READING, OXFORD, and HENLEY, staying one night at each place. Fare, 20s. single; 40s. return; intermediate 3d. per mile.—Agent, Kingston, A. Moreau, Queen's-road.

Possessing all the Properties of the finest Arrowroot.

BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN-FLOUR

HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,

AND IS

UNEQUALLED FOR UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR

QUALITY.



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\* \* We are compelled to reserve for next week our notices of dramatic performances.

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER

OF THE

Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News

WILL CONTAIN,

The following illustrations :—

A PORTRAIT OF MISS VIOLA DACRE.

THE WINNERS OF THE DERBY AND OAKS.

By J. STURGESS.

GRAND MEET OF BICYCLISTS AT HAMPTON COURT.

SCENE FROM "TANNHAUSER" AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

SKETCH FROM THE FAREWELL PERFORMANCE OF MR. CRESWICK.

PORTRAIT OF SOPHIE ARNOULD, AN EARLY FRENCH OPERATIC CELEBRITY.

SKETCHES FROM THE OAKS AND DERBY DAYS.

By J. STURGESS.

THE FRENCH DERBY.

(A SKETCH FROM LONGCHAMPS.)

SKETCHES FROM THE BANBURY POULTRY SHOW.

THE OCEAN YACHT, "CRUSADER."

With numerous interesting articles, and all the Sporting, Dramatic, Musical, Athletic, Aquatic, and Cricket News of the week.

HORSE SHOW, Agricultural Hall, Islington.  
CHAIRMAN—ROBERT LEEDS, Esq., Keswick Old Hall, Norwich.  
VICE-CHAIRMAN—J. Suttleworth, Esq., Hartsolme Hall, Lincoln.

HORSE SHOW.—DAY AFTER THE OAKS.

HORSE SHOW.—OPENS SATURDAY next, 2s. 6d.

HORSE SHOW.—MONDAY next, June 4. 1s.

HORSE SHOW.—TUESDAY next, June 5. 1s.

HORSE SHOW.—WEDNESDAY, June 6. 1s.

HORSE SHOW.—THURSDAY, June 7. 1s.

HORSE SHOW (Last Day).—FRIDAY, June 8. 1s.

HORSE SHOW.—Doors open at Ten o'clock.

HORSE SHOW.—Parade of Prize Horses.

HORSE SHOW.—Sir Salar Jung. Prize Arabs.

HORSE SHOW.—Horses under saddle and in harness.

HORSE SHOW.—Leaping practice.

HORSE SHOW.—Leaping competition.

HORSE SHOW.—Reserved Seats to view.

HORSE SHOW.—Reserved Seats, 10s. and 5s.

HORSE SHOW.—Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s.

HORSE SHOW.—Entrance, Islington Green.

HORSE SHOW.—Reserved Seat entrance, Barford-street.

By Order, S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager.  
Agricultural Hall Company (Limited).

From "The Bazaar."

BLACK SILKS.—"The War has already had a depressing effect on the Lyons market. Messrs. Jay have bought during the last week many thousand pounds worth of manufactured Black Silk, which, for good wearing qualities and cheap prices, has never been equalled. It cannot be too emphatically pointed out that the article of Black Silks, being pre-eminently the speciality of the house, the Messrs. Jay have always devoted, and continue to devote, their very best energies to secure an ample supply for the use of their patrons of a fabric at once elegant and durable, and which is always in season and always in fashion. No sooner does an alteration take place in the Lyons market than envoys of the house are at once despatched to the spot to take advantage of the change; and, in the commercial intelligence of Continental journals, the phrase, 'La Maison Jay de Londres a fait de forts achats,' frequently and significantly points to the influence of the extensive operations of the Messrs. Jay on the French silk market."

JAY'S, Regent-street.

MESSRS. JAY, of Regent-street, are so celebrated for the splendid COSTUMES they turn out, and the style of their Millinery Show Rooms, that there is a popular belief that this house is beyond the use of ordinary mortals' purses. This is quite groundless, and I consider their woollen mourning materials the cheapest that can be had anywhere, and the prices within the reach of all those who are not so ill-advised as to invest in common stuffs. They keep Albert crêpe, which is thought to wear fairly well, at 2s. 9d. yard; the best fourth crêpe is 15s. yard, but none need wish one of better quality and richness than their exclusive standard crêpe at 9s.

JAY'S,

The London General Mourning Warehouse, Regent-street, W.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

ISLINGTON is up in arms. The *Gazette*, the organ *par excellence* of that extensive parish, has been banished from the meetings of the Board of Guardians. It seems (if we are to credit the *Gazette*) that it is the custom often of an afternoon for certain *gourmets* of guardians to make a genial descent on the workhouse for the purpose of then partaking of what is termed "a call over dinner." It is likewise a custom less honoured in the breach than the observance (if we are to credit the *Gazette*) for the said guardians to lap the workhouse cream. The *I. G.* dared to disclose these awful facts, whereupon the guardians, disdaining to stand on their defence, which their friends aver is sound enough to pass muster, at the Local Government Board—it is contended that they paid for their dinners and cream out of their own pockets,—they passed a resolution to exclude the offending paper's reporter from their meetings. And exiled he has been ever since, to the vast indignation of the parishioners, who assembled in their might on Wednesday last, and denounced the enemies of a free and independent press in unmeasured terms. Of course the *Gazette* will get its way, and the Bumbles of the board be sent about their business—which, properly speaking, is not eating workhouse dinners or lapping workhouse cream, no matter at whose expense. But one is naturally anxious, after this embarrassing internecine revolution, about the future of Islington. That courageous reporter must not be suffered to go about *his* business in bodily fear. One is bound, in the great cause of truth and justice, to see him securely armed against all-comers, and, if he is not above taking a hint, we will suggest a complete and comfortable panoply. Let him, on the first sign of a recommencement of hostilities, report the guardians' wobbling speeches *verb. et lit.*, and if that does not act upon them as a muzzle for ever after, we are at a loss to say what would.

FROM Islington to Clerkenwell is a brief step, which we take, and find the vestry of that aristocratic parish at odds on the subject of "The Analyst." Mr. Ross, whose particular calling in life may, for aught we know to the contrary, be distantly connected with what Perkin Middlewick would probably term the "Italian warehouseman hinterest," does not see the use of the analyst's reports. They contain nothing but vinegar, vinegar, vinegar, or mustard, which, we must say, is a trifle rough on those occasionally appetising if always mysterious condiments. Mr. Hopkins said they never got at the bad whisky or beer—a somewhat equivocal statement, which elicited from a sympathetic vestryman an approving "hear." Mr. E. D. Johnson's observations took a somewhat lacteal direction. "The appointment of analyst seemed to be a farce, as all the reports mentioned was milk that had a little water in it; they never had any account of the butter which was often cart grease, or of the drugs which were put in the poor man's beer. Mr. Ross said the reports contained nothing but 'vinegar, vinegar, vinegar,' but he (Mr. Johnson) said there was nothing but 'milk, milk, milk,' until they were quite tired of the name of a cow." The connection between a cow, except that useful creature with the iron tail, and the milk of—say Clerkenwell, is not always as intimate as the tremendous Johnson would seem to imagine. Poor Clerkenwell analyst! and poor Clerkenwell vestrymen, if they had an analyst like the gentle Wanklyn to deal with!

If Truthful Tommy "thinks the rustic cackle of his bourg the murmur of THE WORLD," he is just as likely to be mistaken as he was when he picked the winner of The Guineas, and attributed a poem by William Cullen Bryant to the Rev. Charles Wesley.

It is not true, as was the other day stated in print, that Lionel Brough will go with Lydia Thompson and her company to America. We have Mr. Henderson's authority for denying the statement. Whatever cause operates to keep such a favourite as Brough on this side of the Atlantic, we are not sorry to know that his departure to a land where he would be sure of a hearty welcome has been indefinitely postponed, if for no other reason than this—he owes it to himself, as the creator of parts like Uncle Ben, not to make his debut in America in burlesque.

The *Lancet* has a note on a letter in the *Journal de Geneve* which we trust will meet with that attention which, in whatever point of view it is regarded, its grave importance warrants. The correspondent who writes from Constantinople "gives a deplorable account of the medical and sanitary necessities of the Turkish troops." He says the "medical staff does not exceed 1 per 1000 in strength, and he writes most contemptuously of the sort of men who form the staff. They are for the most part apprentices in the art and science of medicine, without culture, and who possess only such a smattering of physic and surgery, as may be picked up in the Turkish Medical School at Constantinople. . . . As to the medical and sanitary wants, the Turks believe that help will come from England." We forbear comment.

THE forbearance of foreign and provincial subscribers to the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is earnestly sought. This is our Third Derby Number. Owing to an unprecedentedly enormous demand, we are compelled to go to press, in order to be ready for the first trains on the day of the race, at an unusually early hour. Consequently, our columns are not as full of news as they otherwise would be. We hope and believe, however, that in features outside that department, the impression will compare favourably with any of its predecessors.

DERBYS ONE REMEMBERS.

BEING an old fogey of a racing man, and feeling a Druid-like interest in the noble animal who is very useful to (the betting) man, I love, on those winter nights, which are so numerous in this country—

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit,

to run over the pages of Ruff and recall a few of what may fairly be designated the historical Derbies. To me the pages of the *Calendar* are by no means the dry reading which they would be to—say, Dr. Kenealy or Cardinal Manning. "Won by a length, a neck between second, and third," very often brings to my mind the picture of a finish which meant the winning or losing of a little fortune. And the figures in the returns of the betting! Why, bless you, there are no such figures in poetry. You are listening now to a seasoned old veteran, who has landed a hundred to one chance in the days of the lists, when skinning those convenient mediums of speculation was quite as pleasant an operation to the backer who knew something, as skinning the lamb is to the modern bookmaker. As for sixty-sixes and thirty-three's to one, I have pulled them off heaps of times. Those were days! At the same time, I am bound to confess that there were two sides to the medal.

I was not one of the lucky ones, for instance, in Running Rein's year—it will always be called his year—which was 1844. I had always stood General Peel, and was very fond of Old Nat, but there had been so much messing about over the race I had not a penny on Orlando: one of the finest horses that ever looked through a bridle, Sir. It is a very curious page in the *Calendar* that devoted to Running Rein, and almost as interesting as a page in one of Hawley Smart's novels. Mr. A. Wood's Running Rein (Mann) 1, Col. Peel's Orlando (Flatman) 2, Col. Peel's Ionian (G. Edwards) 3, and Col. Anson's Bay Momus (F. Butler) 4. The impostor, who started at 10 to 1—Orlando's price was 20—came in first, with three parts of a length to the good. An objection had been made to Running Rein by several parties the day before the race, and the Stewards had taken care to inform the owner beforehand that if he won he would have to prove his right to the stakes. After the race Col. Peel objected, on the ground that Running Rein was not a bay colt by The Saddler out of Mab by Duncan as had been described, but quite another and older pair of shoes. Everybody knows that after a good deal of legal fencing Col. Peel was made Defendant in the case, and Wood Plaintiff, and that it was heard before Baron Alderson (a rare old sportsman himself, and, they do say, the owner, once upon a time, of a few hairs in the tail of Trumpeter), who asked in vain for a look at the horse. The bay colt by Gladiator, dam by Capsicum, bred in 1840, was not forthcoming, and Mr. Wood was obliged to throw up the sponge. But there was ramping all round that year. An objection was made to Leander prior to the day of the race. He, poor beggar, was not "put away" in the Running Rein fashion, but broke his leg in the race, and was shot the same afternoon. His lower jaw was taken off before he was buried, and shown to several vets., who pronounced it the jaw of a four year old. The owners of Leander never blossomed again. Ah! well, the mysteries of the Turf would make an entertaining book, but where's the man who could write it? I have an idea that Running Rein is not the only old one that has passed the judge's chair first at Epsom. He was the only one that was found out. My dear old friend, Cedric the Saxon, had a strange theory about a horse called Little Wonder, which used to sound likely enough after the third tumbler, and I have a notion about another winner which you must not ask me to breathe. In 1845 Merry Monarch dropped from the clouds and won. As the saying is, he was not backed for sixpence, and the fieldiers had a rare skinner in consequence. Then the following year (the Sikh War was on then, I remember) came the Bill Scott fiasco. If he had not elevated his elbow so much that morning—I say nothing of the night before—no Pyrrhus the First would have won. Not that I have cause to grumble. I backed Pyrrhus, and his portrait, "extended" by J. F. Herring, hangs in my parlour to this day. In 1852, as one of the poets described it—

When fetlock deep's the course  
This maxim always bear in mind,  
The field's the better horse.

A cobby little pony called Daniel O'Rourke won, beating, among others, a horse big enough and grand enough to have eaten him. Wild Dayrell was a clinker, I can tell you—1855 was his year—and could have won, I believe, with a milestone up. But the fates favoured him. Everything that was worth throwing away a couple on went amiss at the last moment except Lord of the Isles. There was never seen such a close finish as that in 1857. Indeed if Judge Clarke had given a dead-heat between four, nobody would have found fault. As it is there are heaps of people who declare that Blink Bonny did not win. Poor Jack Charlton rode the mare, his first and only Derby victory. But, bless my heart, I am forgetting Ellington. Yellow Jack was second to him, as he always was to everything, and so, of course, nobody uttered a word of objection: but the queer stories that were afterwards told about that blue riband I should be afraid to repeat. That was in 1856. Three years afterwards the Judge put up the wrong number, that of Ticket of Leave (a horse with a name like that to win a Derby!) who had run second, instead of Marionette, and the mistake was not rectified until the next day. In 1861, Dundee broke down twice in the race, at Tattenham Corner and opposite "the Bell," and then finished second. In 1862 another horse from the clouds by the name of Caractacus, with a chalk jockey, up did the trick. He had been beaten to the deuce a short time previously, receiving nearly four stone from Wizard. There was a scrimmage the year following, in which the winner (Macaroni) Lord Clifden, Saccharometer, and King of the Vale came to grief.

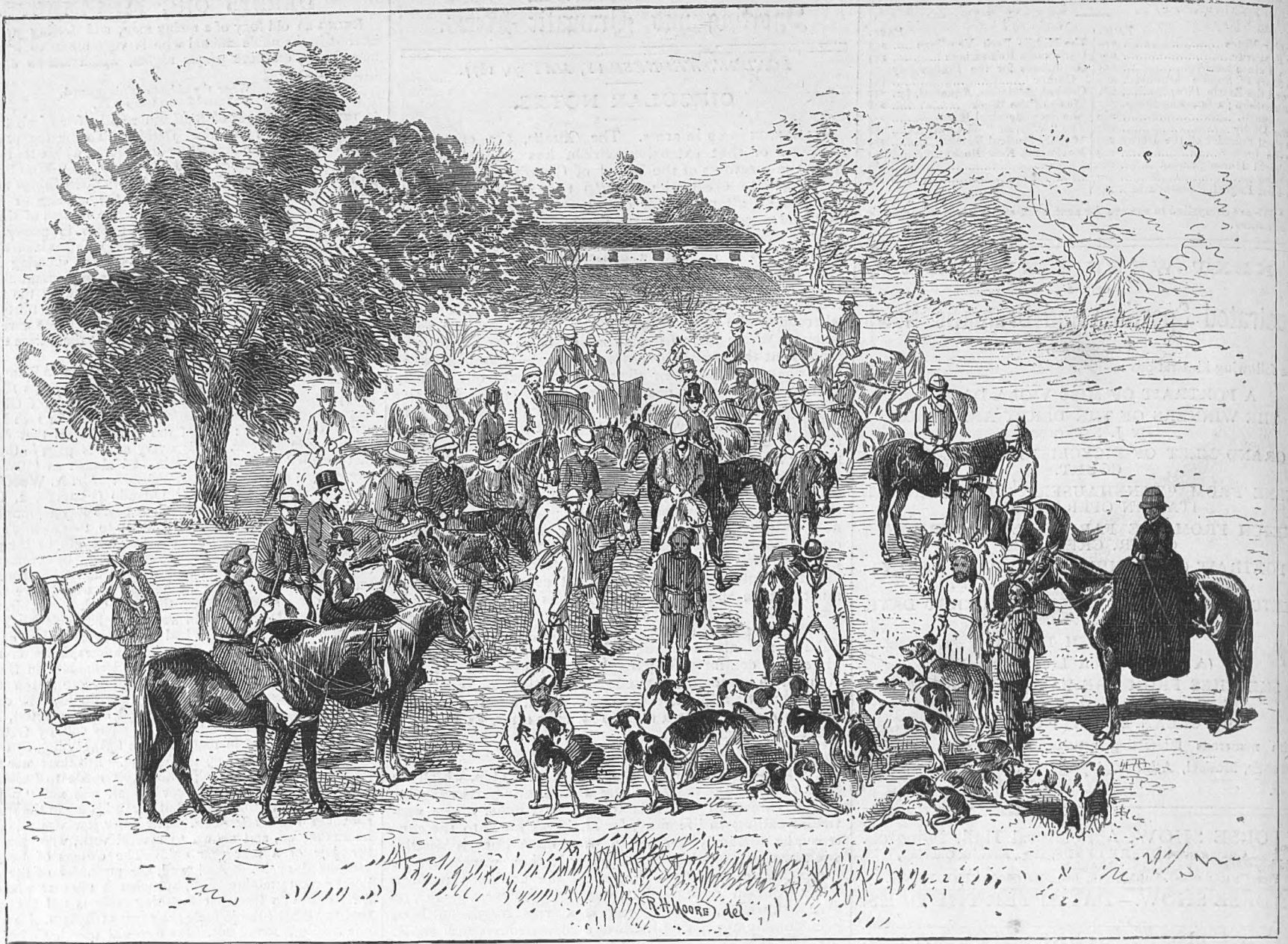
The year 1864 was remarkable for the victory of the dark horse, Blair Athol, and a clinker he was, in a rattling good field, while nobody needs to be reminded that Waterloo was avenged in 1865 by Count Lagrange, who ran Gladiator, and won from the most rubbishy lot that ever deceived a poor backer. Hermit came out of hospital and won in a snowstorm in 1867, and in 1867 the Marquis of Hastings received another fencer when Lady Elizabeth (who started at 7 to 4) was beaten to—Fiddler's Green, Blue Gown won, although Sir Joseph had declared to win with his other two. The story of the last few years Derbys everybody knows. How a dreadfully bad lot ran in 1870; how the late Baron Rothschild won his first Derby in 1871, and made a dead heat of it for second; how Pell Mell in 1872—never heard of until the Monday before the race, and who started at 50 and 66 to 1—was only beaten a head by Cremorne, and so on. There was another dead heat for second in 1874, when Mr. Merry's sole champion won; in '75 Prince Battyhany, a Hungarian, was victorious, and last year the race fell to a Hungarian bred horse. What will it be this? A victory for the tricolour or the stars and stripes? We shall see.

AN OLD FOGY.

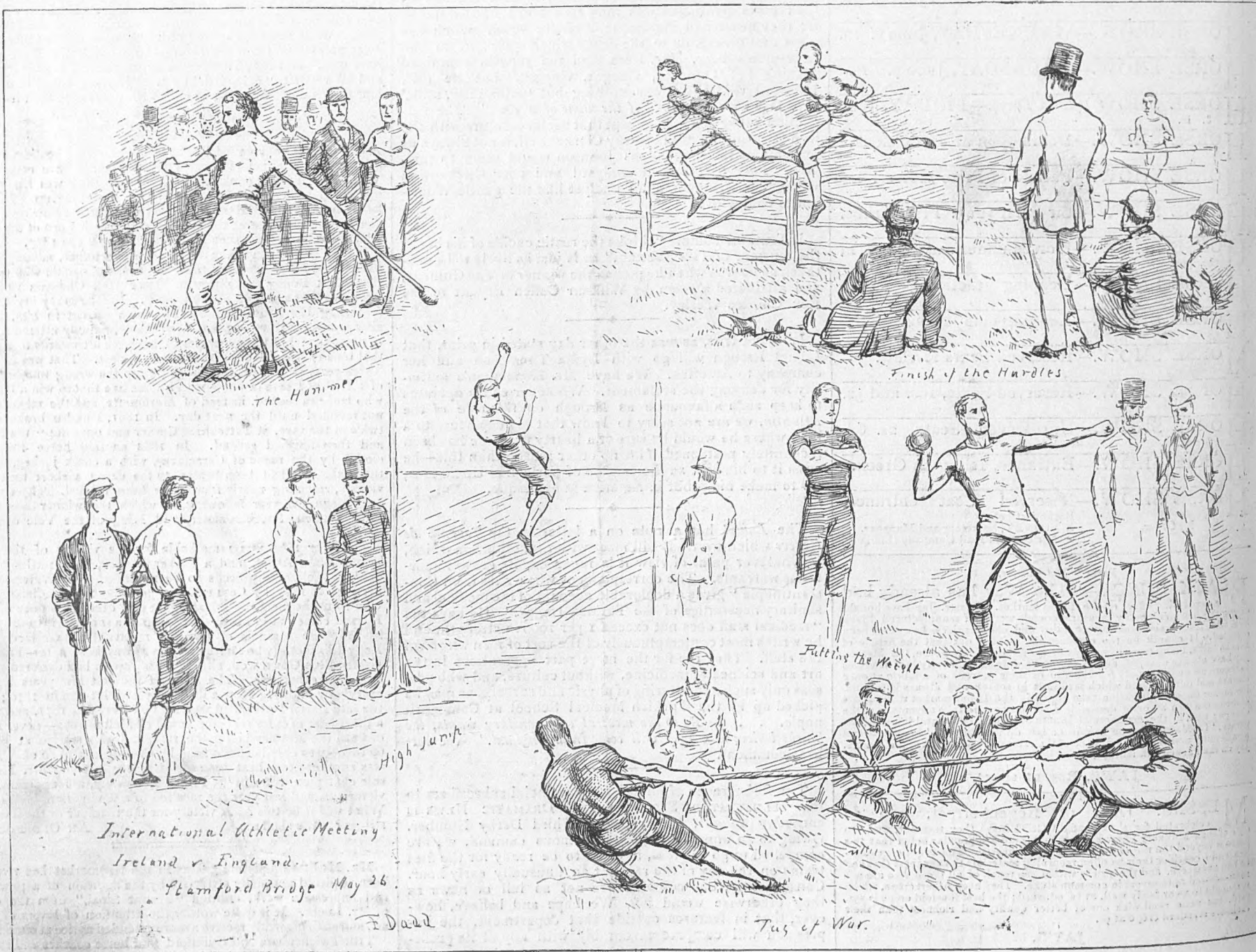
MR. McLEAN's picture gallery in the Haymarket has recently been rendered unusually attractive by the addition of a powerful and impressive work, entitled "Mount Sinai," from the easel of Mr. Lucas. It is quite worthy the attention of lovers of true art, and shall presently receive a more extended notice at our hands.

THE Twickenham and Guildford four horse coaches will run to Epsom on the Derby and Oaks days.



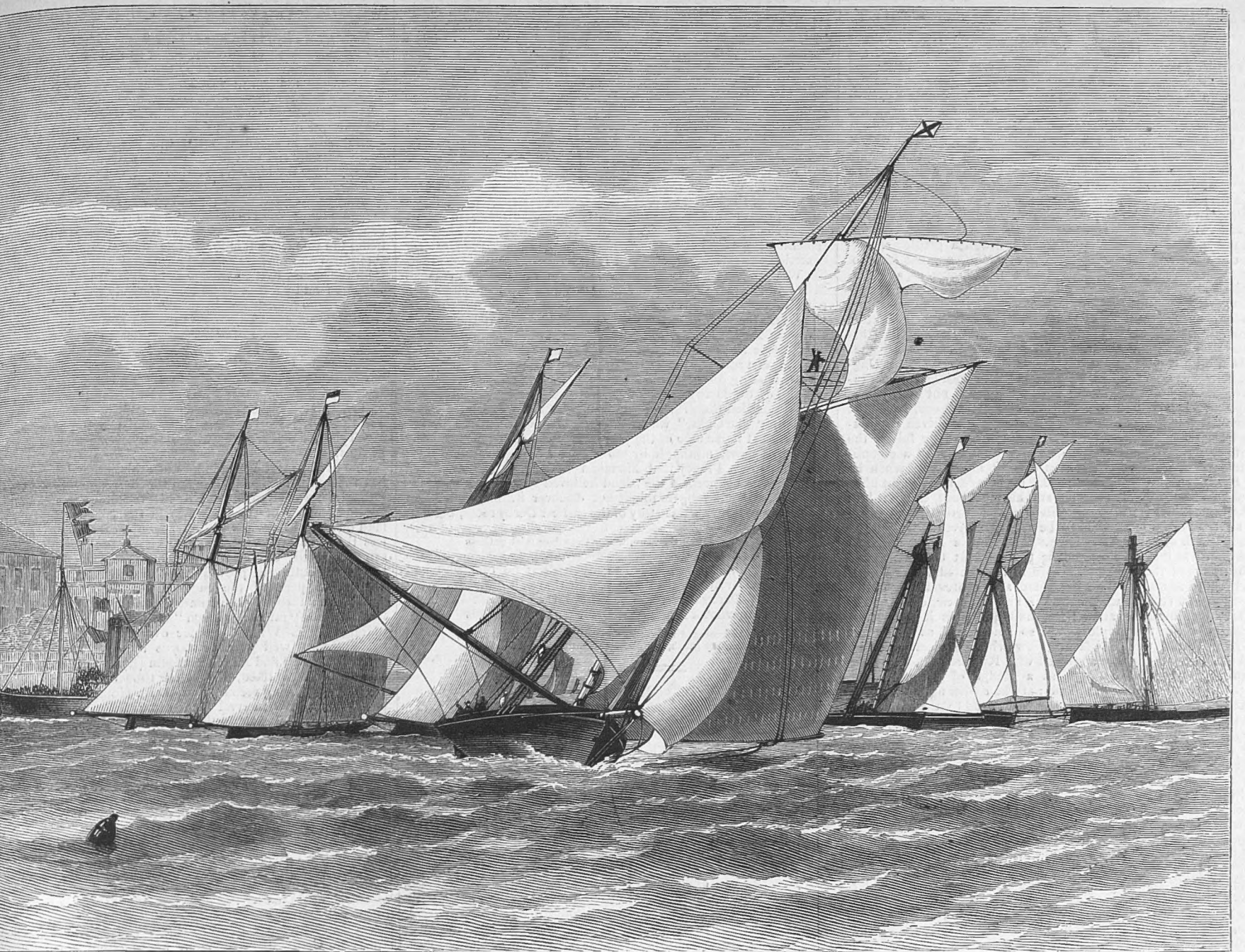


THE SECUNDERABAD HUNT.—(From an Indian Photograph.)



INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC MEETINGS—ENGLAND v. IRELAND.





"OFF WITH THE START."



CANDIDATES FOR THE PRELIMINARY CANTER.



## THE REAL FOUNDER OF THE DERBY.

AMONGST the many stirring and tragic stories of the great civil war, which ended in the execution of Charles I., few are more stirring or tragic than that of James, seventh Earl of Derby, and his heroic Countess Charlotte de Tremouille. And to my thinking, the best time and place for telling that sad old story is an evening in early autumn, and a perch high up on the grim old watch-tower of Rushen Castle, which looks far away over the sea from the Isle of Mann. There, when the pale mist which hides the necromancer's lonely isle is creeping up, and the solemn twilight is deepening, when grey gloom veils the base of the tempest and time-worn keep of the ancient Norwegian sea-kings, and a fiery glow, streaming through the gorges of the mountains, bathes its majestic head in blood-red glory, feeling, sentiment, and fact combine to give it force.

A noble, high-minded, resolute, manly English gentleman was this same Earl of Derby and King of Mann, a great lover of sport, valiant as a soldier, faithful as a friend, just as a judge, dignified and patient under the infliction of insult or injury, yet proudly jealous of his honour and state, as became the descendant of a long and noble line of ancestry. He was truly loved and honoured throughout the entire land. "Setting aside the state in which he lived, and his wonderful hospitality and beneficence to his neighbours, friends and servants," says Sir William Dugdale, "he was a person highly accomplished with learning, prudence, loyalty, and true valour; and was one, if not the first of the peers that repaired to King Charles I. at York, when the seditious, insolent, and rebellious Londoners had driven His Majesty from Whitehall, and though he did not usually follow the Court, or deign to advance his honour or family by a complimentary and obsequious attendance of that kind; yet, when he saw His Majesty's affairs required his assistance, he thought himself obliged, both by his religion and his allegiance, to assist him to the utmost of his power with his life and fortune; and made him a tender of both." Only to be coldly received. Only to be regarded with doubt and suspicion. The people loved and flattered him, was it likely he could be true against their cause and in the ranks of their enemies? He had absented himself from Court, which in its turn had neglected and contemned him, did he really mean to fight with courtiers and in their cause? He had raised an immense army "for the king," was it not rather for himself whom the people would so gladly hail as king? It was remembered to his disfavour, how when an ancestor of his, Lord Stanley, "though he appeared with Richard III., and gave his son, George Lord Strange, as a pledge of his loyalty, yet turned the battle against him, and put the crown upon the head of Henry VII." Moreover, it was whispered to the king, how the earl's uncle, Ferdinand, had "likewise" boldly declared his pretensions to the crown, and that the earl's lady was a Huguenot, bred up in the strict religion and dangerous principles of the Dutch. Was it likely such a man could adopt their cause and their religious principles, and be true thereto? Beware, cried the king's courtiers, with ominous shakings of head and forefinger, beware, put not yourself too far into his hands, nor trust him with too great a power!

And that poor weak-minded, irresolute monarch, Charles, who would be a tyrant and yet would not, who loved justice yet thought injustice no wrong where it served his cause; who honoured truth and lied abominably, to serve a good, in other words his, end; who shrank from the most vague of unreal fears when he should have dared the most tangible of dangers, and yet was daring to rashness in the passion of his despair; piggyishly obstinate where yielding would have been wisdom; yielding where firmness was urgently desirable; an odd, strange, incongruous mixture, as most of us are, and withal an amiable man, and not such a very bad king, drove the good Earl Derby perforce from his royal master's counsels, and only recalled him when the royal needs were becoming desperate, to dare, suffer, and die upon the scaffold at Bolton, in Lancashire.

You may remember, perhaps, how in the keen cold air of an October morning the captive earl's progress from Chester to the spot on which he was to be killed, was attended by numerous displays of the deepest grief, respect, and affection. In Bolton, no artisan could be found who would strike a nail in the erection of the scaffold on which he was to die, and consequently the execution was delayed until late in the day. "On his going towards the scaffold, the people cried and prayed on every side." He calmly mounted the clumsy steps, and seating himself quietly, addressing himself to the people, in a clear distinct voice said:—

"I die for God, the king, and the laws."

"We have no king and will have no lords," cried a brutal trooper.

Then a great outcry and disturbance arose amongst the sturdy Lancashire lads and lasses. The soldiers fell upon the people, and the brave good earl, now truly startled and alarmed, sprang up, eager to stop with his death the progress of such a riot. But the block was not ready! Then quiet was suddenly restored. The earl took the axe from the executioner, kissed it, and returned it. He had but two pieces of gold, and these he gave to the headman, saying:—

"This is all I have, take it, and do thy work well. And when I am upon the block and lifting up my hands, then do your business. But I fear your great coat will hinder or trouble you, pray put it off." Still waiting for the block, he turned his eyes upwards, saying "How long, good Lord, how long!" Passing to where his coffin stood, he saw one of his chaplains, and addressed him, "Sir, remember me to your brother and friend. You see I am ready, but the block is not." To the people he said with deep feeling, "Good people, I thank you for your prayers, and your tears—I have seen the one and heard the other." Presently the block was brought, and he desired them to place it so that his last glance might fall upon the tower of the old church, and, removing his doublet, said, "I will look towards thy sanctuary while I am here, and hope to live in Thy heavenly sanctuary, for ever hereafter," adding "How must I lie. I never saw any one's head cut off!" and urging the executioner to be skilful and expeditious, carefully fitted his neck to the block. Then he commenced praying, and gave the signal by raising his hands. The axe descended as he did so, and the noble head fell at one blow; and all that memorable day in Bolton sternly indignant men gathered in the streets, who wept as they discussed the tragedy of the day, and denounced his murderers, while girls and women went about sighing, and sobbing, and praying for the good earl's soul.

When his body was laid in his coffin, there was thrown into it the following lines by an unknown hand:

Wit, bounty, courage; three in one lie dead  
A Stanley's hand; Vere's heart, and Cecil's head.

And this noble Earl was the real founder of the Derby races, which his descendant, the Earl who married an apothecary's excellent and talented daughter—she whom the stage made so famous as Miss Farren—did but revive on Banstead Downs, for the first Derby Race was run in the Isle of Mann, and was originated by Baron James Strange, afterwards the seventh Earl of Derby, whose smiling presence and that of his gracious Huguenot lady had therewith made merry and glad the hearts of those sturdy islanders who afterwards fought so well with him, on many a bloody field, all through the horrors of our English revolution. And when the beheaded King of Mann rested in his grave at Ormskirk the Manx men were affectionately true to his deathless memory, and his widowed countess, with her pale face and sombre

Robes, confiding in their strength and courage, shut herself up in Rushen Castle, sternly defiant of the enemies who had slain her lord, determined that the royal flag should still float in triumph over some small section of British soil. Treachery, however, defeated her heroic purpose, and before the end of the month in which the Earl was betrayed to death by the Puritan's lie, the fortress her enemies had despaired to take by force surrendered to fraud. But although peace once more blessed the lonely Isle with its presence, I can find no record to show that the once popular Derby races were ever there revived.

That grand old Lancashire mansion, Knowsley, the ancient seat of the Derby family, erected by its first Earl, is a place of many memories. When its royal visitor, Henry VII., was passing near the verge of the roof, at a part where there was neither parapet nor rail to protect it, the Earl's jester whispered fiercely in his ear "Tom remember Will." The sordid tyrant overheard him, and remembering only too well how he had repaid Tom, the Earl, for deserting the late King, Richard III., by beheading his brother, Sir William Stanley, on a false accusation of treason, made no little haste to place himself in a more secure position. There is a portrait of this Thomas, Lord Stanley of Shakspeare's tragedy, still hanging in the picture gallery at Knowsley, and near it the portrait of James, Earl of Derby, who was beheaded at Bolton, beside that of his noble lady. Some jest-loving favourite of Edward Smith Stanley, eleventh Earl of Derby may have stood beside him when he was looking on these old time-discoloured pictures and reminding him of the Derby races of Castletown in the Isle of Mann have counselled their revival somewhere near his favourite hunting seat, "The Oaks," which afterwards gave its name to the second great horse race of the year at Epsom. But that is merely a fancy of mine, although by no means an improbable thing. And, moreover, I fancy that Mananan St. Liz, the great wizard merchant who concealed the island he loved so jealously in a perpetual mist that strangers might not discover it, may have had something to do with this story of the earliest Derby races, belonging as it does to—

Mona the lone, where the silver mist gathers  
Pale shroud whence the wizard chief watches unseen.

for many inquiries have resulted in my finding no one who had ever before heard of their existence. Be that as it may be, certain it is that the Derby races did not have their earliest origin in Surrey, but in what a Manx poet—Mr. E. Nelson—calls

the breezy, the bright, the lov'd home of my fathers,  
Och Mannin my graih, my chree, Mannin veg veen!

St. PATRICK.

## MUSIC.

(All Music sent for review will be noticed within one month after its arrival.)

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE performances given at Covent Garden last week chiefly consisted of repetitions of operas previously produced during the season, and the only novelty was Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. It is unnecessary again to discuss the merits of this opera, but it may be well to repeat that it was first produced at Weimar in 1850, and belongs to that "second period" of Wagner's style when he had begun to abandon the attempt to originate vocal melodies, but had only dim visions of the orchestral symphonies, with explanatory vocal accompaniments, which he has latterly endeavoured to substitute for the melodious forms of opera in which the mass of mankind have hitherto delighted, and continue to delight. The opera has been revived with even more splendour of *mise en scène* than that which was exhibited when it was produced last year—for the first time in England. As a dramatic spectacle, the "Tournament of song," in the second act surpasses anything hitherto seen on the operatic stage. The performance was almost uniformly good, and Signor Vianesi deserves great praise for the care, ability, and zeal displayed by him in the task of preparation. The difficult orchestration was admirably rendered, and the overture has seldom been so well played.

Of the performances during the present week of *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Faust*, and *Il Trovatore*, notice must be deferred until next week.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Two important additions have been made to the repertory of the current season at Her Majesty's Opera. *Robert le Diable* was produced last week with great success. The title-character was ably impersonated by Signor Fancelli, so far as vocal requirements were concerned, and his acting was sufficiently acceptable. Mlle. Salla made a highly favourable impression in the character of Alice. She was suffering from indisposition, but its effects were seldom observable, and she obtained frequent and hearty applause for her finished singing. As an actress she is above the average, and is both graceful and impressive. Mlle. Valleria made a success as the Princess Isabelle. The declamatory aria, "Roberto tu che adoro" ("Robert, toi que j'aime"), taxed her voice rather severely, but in the difficult florid music she was highly satisfactory, and her acting was always intelligent and appropriate. In the character of Bertram, Signor Foli made his second appearance this season, and fully established his claim to the highest rank as an operatic basso profondo. He sang splendidly in the duet with Alice, and indeed throughout the opera, and cannot fail to prove an extremely valuable accession to Her Majesty's Opera Company.

Gounod's *Faust* was another remarkable success, and drew the largest audience of the season, many applicants for admission being unable to find room. Madame Christine Nilsson repeated her admirable impersonation of Margherita, and secured enthusiastic applause by her delightful singing and powerful acting. She was equally great in the tender music of the garden scene, the pathetic scene in the church, and the terrible prison scene; and the beauty of her voice, combined with her exquisite vocalisation, again and again awakened manifestations of delight—notably in the "Jewel song," which was an artistic triumph. An almost equal success was made by M. Faure as Mefistofele—a part in which he is still unequalled. His voice has lost some of its freshness and power, but his consummate art compensates for vocal deficiencies, and the subtle intellectuality of his acting secures admiration. Throughout the opera he obtained hearty recognition of his artistic merits, and it was evident that his great popularity is unabated.

Mlle. Titienis is dangerously ill. Last week, by the advice of several of our most eminent surgeons and physicians, she underwent a hazardous operation, which was successfully performed with the aid of chloroform. It is hoped that her life may be spared; but she is in so critical a state that for some time to come even her own family will not be permitted to see her; and should she recover, a long time must elapse before she can appear in public.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER: this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

## CRICKET, ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

VERILY we live in an age of surprises. It has already fallen to my lot this season to chronicle one or two curious cricket matches, but the one played at Oxford by the University against the Marylebone Club and Ground last Thursday fairly "bangs Bannagher." The fixture was a three day one, but a single half day sufficed to bring the contest to a conclusion. The University went in first, the bowlers opposed to them being Morley and Rylott, the former being in excellent fettle this year, although everywhere complaints are rife that the wickets are dead. Oxford were soon dismissed for the large (?) number of 12, out of which number Mr. Wallington claimed 7 (not out). Marylebone amassed 124, Mr. Hornby scoring 30, Wild 36, and Mr. I. D. Walker 23. In their second innings the University did a little more execution (they could scarcely have done less), and obtained 34, Mr. H. R. Webb being the sole candidate for double figures, with 10 to his name. It requires an immense amount of mental arithmetic to make out from the above, that M.C.C. won in a single innings with 77 runs to spare; and yet it must be comparatively fresh in the memory of many who honour me by perusing my notes, that Oxford last year at Prince's scored no less than 612 in a single innings when opposed to an eleven of Middlesex. After the above *fiasco*, however, one may well talk of "the glorious uncertainties of the game of cricket." I rather wonder what the longest odds the backers of Cambridge would be ready to lay now on the result of the University match? But I was almost taking leave of this extraordinary match without mentioning that Morley secured 13 wickets for 14 runs, Rylott 2 for 6 runs, and Clayton 4 for 26, while Mr. Tylecote was credited with 8 Marylebone wickets at a cost of 51 runs.

One of the most astute judges of athletics, and justly so, as he has the credit of having rivalled the best amateur walking performances, was strangely out of his reckoning in summing up as he did in favour of the sister isle in the contest England v. Ireland on Saturday, when he most confidently assured me that no less than five events were "morals" for the Shamrock. As the sequel proved, out of the thirteen events on the programme the Irish contingent proved victorious in two, and two only, and these perhaps the most uninteresting to the general public, viz: throwing the hammer and the tug of war, M. Davin hurling the "missile weapon" 125ft 4in, and P. C. Hickey pulling W. Y. Winthrop twice over the line. H. Macdougall again starting well won the 100yds by 1½yd, in 10½secs beating J. D. Ogilby (I) and E. C. Treppin (E). J. Gibb simply won the mile as he liked, in the fair time of 4min 37½sec, C. L. O'Malley (I) being second, and S. K. Holman (E) third. After barely an hour's interval the same little wonder completely spread eagled his field in the four miles, winning by a street in 21min 6sec. H. H. Sturt secured the 200 yards in 23½sec; and J. Shearman finished alone from his solitary opponent J. Pirion (I) in the 440 yards race. C. L. Lockton (E) won the 120 yards over timber in 16 4-5sec, and H. W. Hill the half-mile in 2min 1 3-5sec. H. W. Strachan won the high jump, clearing 5ft 7½in; and J. G. Alkin, the wide jump, distance 20ft 9½in. J. Stone put weight (16lbs) 41ft 9in; and H. Venn carried off the three miles walking in 23min 1½sec from S. W. Mitcalfe and W. J. Morgan, the latter being disqualified. Altogether the meeting was not quite so successful as was anticipated, but fortunately the weather was highly enjoyable, while the excellent brass band of the Gunners, under the able direction of Mr. Lawson, added to the delectation of those present.

On Saturday last the great "meet" of bicyclists was held at Hampton Court, when forty-one metropolitan and twenty-eight country clubs were represented, besides numerous "unattached" riders, the number of club men being about 1,800. The start was made about five o'clock from the Lion Gates, the route being through Hampton, Teddington, and Bushy Park. It was, however, impossible for the programme to be carried out in its entirety. Nearly all the riders had to dismount upon arriving at the Diana Fountain in consequence of the vast number of spectators who thronged the line of route, and completely blocked up the way. The insufficient force of police being powerless to keep order. With regard to the appearance and riding of the men we must say that the Wanderers Bicycle Club (No. 5) carried off the palm, all their men being in uniform, even to their shoes, and all wearing grey kid gloves, which in a dress parade were not out of place. The Pickwick Club, who led, were strongly represented, and rode well together. The London (No. 3) men mustered in great force, and also the Surrey (No. 2) and Temple (No. 10), but the general effect of these three large clubs was marred by many of the members not appearing in uniform. The North Surrey (No. 6) rode in good form, but their uniform looks far too heavy. The smaller clubs made a very respectable appearance, and helped greatly to add to the general effect. The country clubs deserve great credit for their riding and appearance. All arrangements were well made by the committee, who must have earned the thanks of those who took part in the "meet," which would have been the greatest success bicycling has ever attained had the public been a little more considerate, and allowed the men to ride the course out. As the London Bicycle Club were coming through the gates to take up their position three gentlemen on horseback rode through their lines, compelling many of the club to dismount. It speaks well for the good nature of bicycle riders to say that these gentlemen were allowed to go off unmolested, but the hearty hissing they received from the general body of spectators showed how matters might have gone had any bicycle rider resented this unwarrantable conduct. Mr. K. M. Yeoman (Pickwick Club) was in command, and Mr. L. Yeoman was secretary. Messrs. Fox, Etherington, Kearley, Coppin, and Lacy were the marshals. Orders were given by cavalry signals with the bugle. Next week's number will contain a whole page engraving of this remarkable event.

On Monday afternoon the scullers' race for the Championship of England Cup and £400, which has for some time past excited no ordinary amount of interest, took place between John Higgins, of Shadwell, and Robert Watson Boyd, the present holder of the cup. Boyd came from the North to complete his training about a fortnight ago, and since then he is said to have been suffering from boils. It was feared, indeed, on Friday night, when £100 a side had to be posted, that the sum already down would be forfeited, and that the match would not take place. The supporters of the Northcountryman, however, posted their money, and all the business in connection with the race was settled. Higgins was, as might be expected under the circumstances, the favourite, yet Boyd won by over 250 yards. We regret that the pressure upon our space has excluded a more lengthy report.

EXON.

BULLOCK'S ROYAL MARIONETTE MINSTRELS are drawing large audiences at St. James's Hall.

MR. E. J. ODELL.—This admirable actor is going to take a benefit on Thursday morning, June 21st, at the Globe Theatre, which we hope to see crammed on the occasion. The arrangements, which are being organised by Mr. E. Russell, late of the *Grande Duchesse* Opera Company, will include, *inter alia*, an English version of *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, by Mr. C. Dixon, and Mr. Odell's celebrated *Hamlet Travestie*.

NO GAS IN DAYTIME.—See Chappuis' Reflectors.—69, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]



## BOB, THE JOCKEY.

"CLEAR the course—clear the course!" "Here they come—here they come."  
 And the "starters" ride down 'mid the multitude's hum.  
 "I'll lay!" "Here, I'll take you." "They're off!" And away  
 Shoots orange and crimson and chestnut and bay.  
 How the green turf beneath 'em is changing to dun  
 As, a river of opals, they flash through the sun.  
 "Blue has it!" "Red wins it!" "Ten to one on the grey!"  
 "Oh, my life on the beauty, she's coming away!"  
 She wins in a canter—the favourite's a pct.  
 Won't the bookmakers swear! What, the devil! he's shot—  
 Her jockey is thrown! They'll ride over him! Why,  
 By George, but he's up again! Lord, how they fly!  
 They've left him—all's over—oh, blow that mishap!  
 What, he's after 'em—up to 'em—up to the flap  
 Of the foremost one's saddle. By heaven that's good!  
 Hurrah! But what's that? Why, he's covered with blood!  
 He reels in his saddle, but sticks to his man—  
 Was there ever such pluck since first racing began?  
 Bold fellow—brave fellow—just one struggle more—  
 Neck and neck—there's the post—he has won! What a roar!"  
 There's a wind springing up, there's a cloud o'er the wood,  
 Never mind, it's a bad wind blows nobody good:  
 Some have lost; some have won, boys; and one's got a job—  
 The sexton: to dig a deep grave for poor Bob.

LYNCH DOWNEY.

## THE MIDDLE PARK YEARLINGS.

BREEDERS have had anything but a rosy time of it since the commencement of this wet, unseasonable, and changeable season, and these drawbacks to the development and well doing of young thorough-bred stock have been amply and painfully evidenced by the various lots of yearlings which have hitherto been under our notice. First came the heavy downpour of rain in the winter and early spring months, bringing in its train unnaturally hot, muggy weather, predisposing man, beast and plant to undue and premature growth, and deluding us into the idea that the horrors of cold winds and nipping frosts were to be altogether abrogated by the Clerk of the Weather. This "monsoon" had the additional bad effect of confining yearlings to their boxes during its continuance, thereby rendering them soft and delicate, and more liable to become the victims of colds and other ailments incidental to young blood stock during the latter spring and early winter months. We can readily believe what Mr. Blenkiron told us about the condition of his yearlings after the wet weather had somewhat abated, and when a few warm days had given promise of the advent of spring. He then thought he had never had so forward or so promising a batch of youngsters, but the cold easterly winds and inclement nights which have been our lot since the downpour ceased, have played havoc with delicate constitutions, and thrown back not a few of the most forward and promising, like plants which have put forth their blossoms prematurely, only to be the more unmercifully nipped by the chill hand of frost. Thus it happens, that yearlings are not so forward as is their wont in the leafy month, but at Middle Park the great majority at least are hard and healthy, and on the day of our visit, a fortnight since, several among them had only been "taken up" a few days before, their owner having wisely determined to allow them to pick up as much of the scanty supply of spring grass as they were able, before being got ready for sale.

Taking the yearlings according to their tribes, we have first to deal with the Rosicrucians, now, as heretofore, the *pieces de resistance* at Middle Park, and these number in all thirteen, seven colts and six fillies. Mr. Blenkiron has given the handsome son of Beadsman the lion's share of his Newminster mares, and the dams of his baker's dozen of yearlings number among them no less than seven of the immediate or remote descendants of the former pride of Rawcliffe. So far as good looks and long prices are concerned Rosicrucian has firmly established his reputation at the stud, and with justice, for we have rarely set eyes on any of his young things which are not clever-looking, well-moulded, handsome specimens of their race, and we can trace nothing either common or uncouth to the lines of Mr. Chaplin's popular sire. Most of them are, perhaps, a trifle on the small side, but very compact and muscular, and without a particle of lumber or waste in their composition. Hence they seem to come early to hand as two-year olds, and ready to go into work at once, and though many of them have not continued in their well-doing as three-year-olds, there is no reason why they should not train on into Derby and St. Leger horses. Young sires frequently fail to endow their progeny with stamina, for a season or two; but as they advance in life seem to become capable of imparting not only stoutness, but also size, in a greater degree, and this will doubtless be the case with Rosicrucian as with other horses. His colt out of Bas Bleu, easily recognisable by its white markings, is a model of power, squarely built, on the very shortest of legs, and remarkable for muscle and bone. He is, too, a June foal, so that he may be expected to grow up to all his fine points, when he once takes it into his head to make a start, and he bears a great resemblance to his dam about the head and neck. Fenella's colt will be easily known by his silver mane and tail, which give him a very gay appearance; but he possesses the far more solid recommendations of good build and action, and his dam is one of the very nicest mares in the Middle Park collection, and full of running blood. The bay brother to Ersilia is a large edition of Mr. Ellerton's flying filly, but quite as truly made, and as it is no use spreading butter on bacon, we shall simply leave him to be fought over by the best judges, and we fancy they will have to open their purse-strings pretty wide to secure him. Gentian's brown colt by the same sire will not suffer much by comparison, though he may not measure so high, but there is a hard, wear and tear, genuine look about him sure to commend him to the notice of those who justly lay great stress on these important points. Spellweaver's is a late foal, but very mouldy and stylish withal, though perhaps not quite so good to follow as others claiming paternity from "Rosi," who is a model in this respect; and the last of the colts is one from Francesca (the dam of Berryfield), very sharp and quick looking, a capital mover, and "on his legs," while others of the more lumbering sort will be thinking about starting. Zenobia's filly has all her sire's grand power and elegance combined, with great bone and substance, and yet not lacking in length or liberty; and for a model commend us to Pandore's daughter, who may be looked over again and again, only with the result of noticing fresh lines of beauty, so thoroughly does she grow upon the eye. Not on a very large scale, but symmetrical, as might be expected from the fusion of two such elegant lines of blood, and quite a queen among queens. Still we doubt whether anything in the collection, be it colt or filly, quite comes up to our notion of what a yearling should be, as Anderida's bay daughter, not so much developed and "set" as most of her companions, but so lengthy, elastic, and full of quality, that she cannot but make fresh friends each time she is led round the ring. Another great proof of Rosicrucian's power of transmitting neatness and grace is furnished in the filly from Gamos, who

has hitherto thrown her foals to other sires rather "three-cornered" and lacking in harmony. Here, however, we have as racing-like a *demoiselle* as eye could desire to rest upon, and she compares not at all unfavourably with her relation from Miss Winkle, who is handsome as paint, of the long and low type, with hocks well let down, grandly sloping shoulders, and capital "understandings," in which most important point the generality of the Rosicrucians excel, no less than in hard, healthy constitution, to which their condition (under unfavourable climatic influences) testifies most abundantly. We now come to the Parmesans, (mostly fillies, as usual), and as compared with the family just noticed, they cannot be said to show favourably, though there is a gem among them worth lingering over, in the Grand Duchess filly (bred after the manner of Favonius), a youngster full of quality, and built on the same beautiful lines as her sire. For the others, we confess to thinking them a trifle light and weedy, and not of the same grand stamp which the Rufford sire produced a few years since, when in the prime of health and vigour. Then there is a big Blair Athol colt out of Lady Di, by King John, which is sure to attract plenty of bidders, for we have not too many pledges this season by the great Chobham chestnut, and these are likely to be scrambled after most pertinaciously. A combination of Blinkhoolie and Macaroni could not be otherwise than neat, well framed, and a gentleman all over, and the young chestnut bred after the above fashion looks wonderfully like having his name in racing men's mouths long before this time next year. The solitary King of the Forest is not a bright specimen, and we pass on to the Victorious clan, represented by three stalwart sons and five fair daughters, mostly of a superior stamp to those paraded at Eltham in former years, and, as a class, remarkably free from the disfigurements which choked off so many buyers on former occasions. We say "disfigurements" because we cannot characterise as absolute unsoundness that conformation of hocks which appears not to interfere with the well earned character of their owner as useful long-wearing racehorses. Commend us in particular to a very taking black colt out of Bessie, with a double cross of Jerry blood, and looking like a thorough workman, of nice handy size, and well furnished with the essentials for making a racehorse of character. Fair specimens, too, are the colts from Peggy Dawdle and Her Grace; and we recognise a much-admired winter acquaintance in the Rinderpest filly, likely to take as much "stamping out" by her contemporaries as the plague after which (*absit omen*) her dam is named. We have also registered as useful and honest a bay daughter of Modena, and Kapunda (by Stockwell) is credited with a brown filly for which we had also a good word to say in the spring. Four colts and three fillies make up the Vespasian contingent, and now that the Flash filly has made so encouraging a lead, let us hope that the great miler of his day will come forward to occupy the position so confidently anticipated by his friends. We are bound to admit that Vespasian has shown signs of getting his stock more level and less "on leg" than his earlier efforts suggested might be the case; but for all that this sire can never claim to rank as otherwise than an "odd made" horse, with very little, if any, of the Newminster character about him. There is no reason, however, why his defects should be perpetuated, if only mares are selected suitable in shape as well as in blood, not the easiest of tasks perhaps when it is considered that Stockwell and Ratanplan mares are barred from alliance with him. Perhaps exception may be taken to our choice, when we say that his filly from Roma looks most like racing, and after her we prefer the daughter of Suttet, who has plenty of length, and is well balanced and proportioned throughout. His biggest scion, a colt, is out of the elegant Entremet, by no means a large mare, but full of the choicest blood; and perhaps the one most like himself is the Whinnie colt, though Waneton's is a clever looking one, and likely to pay his way. Taking the Vespasians as a class, they cannot be said to bear any general resemblance to one another, and it is an old saying among breeders that they like to see a sire stamp his own character upon his offspring, regarding individuality as indicative of excellence in a progenitor. If Vespasian fails, it will not be because his owner has lacked faith in his powers, nor because he has omitted to demonstrate his confidence by apportioning some of his crack mares to this sire. Saunterer shows three colts against five fillies, but notwithstanding the undoubted fact that his stock now do him as much credit as ever, it will, we fear, take a long time to bring his blood into favour again, and the great drawback to his success appears to lie in the ungenerous temper too often apparent in those tracing their descent from this handsome horse. Certainly of late years, when he has had fewer mares, his foals have come better-limbed, and with less of that tendency to shelliness which once made trainers fight shy of them; but then he is too old to witness a revival of enthusiasm in his favour, and of late years his winning account has been but a meagre one. Undoubtedly his cleverest representative at Middle Park is a handsome bay filly from Chilham, a wonderfully bred Thunderbolt mare, the result of her union with Saunterer being a short-legged, powerful yearling, standing very square and true upon a capital set of legs and feet, and looking like furnishing into a very smart two-year-old. Out of Excalibur (by Gladiator) the black has a yearling big enough for anything, and nearly everything by him is taking, but seems to lack the power which we look for in the highest class. Saunterer must be a thoroughly hard, wiry bit of stuff, for not only did he stand many a long and severe preparation on his own account, and take part in innumerable private trials, but he has "knocked about" in Germany, and finally settled down again in his native land as full of fire and go as ever, and apparently ready at any moment to be taken up and put into training, so lightly does he bear a burden of years, which would have hollowed the back and dimmed the eye of many a less easy-going father of the stud.

There is a solitary Restitution filly out of Little Coates, the pedigree of which reads like racing, and we consider that Mr. Blenkiron has exercised sound judgment in introducing some samples of Brown Bread to the notice of buyers in the South of England. The fillies by Mr. Eyke's horse out of Lady Sophia, Rosalie, and Miss Saurin, though not remarkable in any degree for showiness of outline, are thoroughly useful, healthy, and wear-and-tear animals, with good limbs, and a handy cut about them which augurs well for their capability to last through a long course of training. The Toxophilites are not very taking youngsters, apt to be plainish about the head, and generally lacking finish and quality. His colt from Maypole (a Skirmisher mare) we were not greatly impressed with, but a filly from Brown Sugar (by Brown Bread out of Saccharometer's dam) is better in all respects, and bound to be useful in a comparatively unambitious sphere. Nearly all the D'Estournels, as trainers say, "run a little bit," but this recommendation will never obtain first-class mares for a horse, and owners of important studs are naturally unwilling to run the risk of spoiling their crack mares by doubtful alliances, neither are they justified in so doing, having a very exacting public taste to consult and please. Consequently D'Estournel has had to put up with such material as could best be spared—over-young matrons, ancient tabbies, and middle-aged mediocrities; so that it redounds greatly to his credit to have succeeded so well, as he will be admitted to have done. His white-legged filly, out of old Electra (dam of Acton), has grown into a sturdy, squarely-built yearling, and though a very coarse foal, has fined down, and bids fair to ripen into a useful member of racing society. D'Estournel's colt, out of Consort, is

a trifle inclined to be "proppey" in front, but in other respects is a clever, level yearling; and there are not lacking good points in the colts out of Creole and Delight, the former being one of the "dapper" sort, and the latter, but for his hocks, as promising as many with pedigrees far more fashionable and high sounding.

It is quite on the cards that half a score or so of those we have noticed above may be reserved for a later period of the season, as it is obvious that many of them are only just making a start in growth and development, and cannot hope to be up to the mark with their fellows in the short space of time to elapse before the sale. It will be observed that all lots not reaching a bid of one hundred guineas may be withdrawn at the option of the vendor, a policy which he must excuse us calling in question, though every one has a perfect right to do as he likes with his own. We fear that the "little men" who help breeders off with their cheap lots, will not care to be present on the chance of picking up a bargain; and we are besides of opinion that a sale, like a dinner, wants something to start it in the shape of whets to the appetite, which the "small deer" so happily supply. After a few lots have been "taken away," bidders are apt to get weary, impatient, and, above all, suspicious; therefore we hope Mr. Blenkiron may be induced to reconsider his determination, remembering that through some of the low-priced lots turning out trumps, mares often acquire celebrity, and their progeny had better be put in training at once, than be hawked about during the summer, with the chance of their ultimate state being worse than the first. Reserves and limits are all very well if duly announced beforehand, as in the present case, but we doubt their expediency in the long run, and it should be borne in mind that with horseflesh, as with many other things, the first loss is always the best, and easiest to be borne. Those who care to see a really nice sire should not fail to attend the stallion parade (a well-known feature at Middle Park) and take stock of Dutch Skater, a remarkably neat horse, and the representative of a family once held in high honour among us, but now unfortunately almost extinct. For "big, slapping mares" of certain strains of blood, we can imagine no better cross, and rumours of the excellence of some of his two-year-old stock have not been belied by the looks and action of Hollandaise, the only one of his get which has as yet sported silk.

May 20.

## "OUR FAVORITE."

BODY of azure and sleeves of red,  
 A crimson cap for a golden head,  
 On her we showers of favours shed—  
 "Our Favorite!"

Eyes of azure and lips of red,  
 'Neath milk-white brow and curly head;  
 An English girl who is country bred,  
 Is "Our Favorite!"

Through the dreary winter we  
 Were steadfast in our fealty,  
 We vowed Blue-eyes should ever be  
 "Our Favorite!"

Full of fun is the merry maid:  
 How she enjoys the masquerade!  
 A winner of hearts in shimmer and shade  
 Is "Our Favorite!"

W.

## THE FIRST ENGLISH RACECOURSE.

ON another page we give a copy from Alken's famous picture of Horse Selling in Old Smithfield Market, which has a very appropriate place in the pages of this our Derby number, for on that plain, or smooth field, from which its name was originally derived, according to Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury, who lived in the reign of our second Harry, were our first horse-races organised. Fitzstephen, after describing the Friday horse and cattle fair, elsewhere dealt with, says:—

"'Tis a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags so smoothly moving, by raising and putting down alternately the two side feet together. In one part there are horses better adapted to esquires, whose motions are rougher, but yet expeditious. These lift up and lay down the two opposite fore and hind feet together.\* In another are the generous colts, not yet accustomed to the bridle—

Which, proudly prancing, place their shapely limbs.

In a third, quarter are to be seen the horses for burthen, with their stout and strong limbs. And in a fourth the more valuable hackneys and charging steeds, beautiful in shape, noble of stature, with ears and necks erect, and plump buttocks. In the movements of these what the purchaser principally remarks is, first, an easy, pleasant walk, and then the gallop, which is when the two are raised and put down together, and the hind feet in like manner alternately with them.

"When a race is to be run by this sort of horses, and, perhaps, by others which also in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way.

"Three jockies, sometimes only two, according as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest (such as, being used to ride, know how to manage the horses with judgment). The grand point is to prevent a competitor from getting before them. The horses, on their parts, are not without emulation; they tremble, are impatient, and continually in motion, and at last, the signal once given, they strike, devour the course, hurrying along with unrelenting velocity. The jockies, inspired with the thought of applause and the hopes of victory, clap spurs to the willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries. You would think, according to Heraclitus, that all things were in motion, and that the opinion of Zeno was certainly wrong, as he held there was no such thing as motion, and that it was impossible to reach the goal.

"To return to our market: in another quarter, and apart from the rest, are placed the vendibles of the peasant, implements of husbandry in all kinds, swine with their deep flanks, and cows with their distended udders,

Oxen of bulk immense; the woolly tribe.

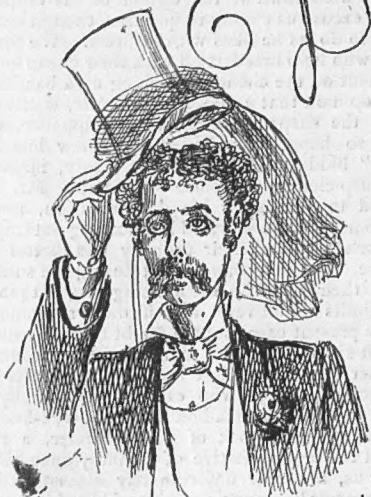
"There, also, stand the mares, adapted to the plough, the sledge, and the cart, of which some are big with young; others have their foals running by their sides, wanton younglings, but inseparable from their dams."

A TOILET WATER of peculiar and delightful fragrance, delicate and lasting, refreshing and soothing. GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, triple distilled from the fresh leaves of the Bay Tree (*Myrica Acris*). Indispensable and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY and BATH. A few drops on a sponge or towel moistened with water, and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the BATH gives a delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING OF INFANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for a basin of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists and Perfumers, or on receipt of stamps from the wholesale depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

\* Trotting horses are here meant.



# Derby Entertainments



"The Pet of the Petticoats"



"Highland Drover: Jewess & Christian" "Molly Sullivan"



"Streets of London"



"This Day—Hunted Down"



"La Favorita"



"Game of Speculation & Palace of Truth"



"Vesta's Temple"



"Artful Cards"



"The Wandering Heir"



"The Garage"



"Peep o' Day" and a Fearful Fog"



"Extremes Meet."

Sketch  
May 1877





FOR A FUTURE DERBY.



PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

MANCHESTER SUMMER MEETING.—Concluded.

THURSDAY.  
The GRAND STAND WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; one mile, was won by the Duke of Montrose's ch c James Pigg, by Tyne-dale, out of Performer, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb (Killick), beating (by 10 lengths) Mr. H. M. Harris's Garterly Bell, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb (Bruckshaw); Mr. H. Bragg's Blue Bell, 4 yrs, 11st 6lb (J. Osborne); and three others. 7 to 4 agst James Pigg, 4 to 1 agst Blue Bell, and 5 to 1 each agst Lady of Avenel and Bird in the Air.

The BEAUFORT STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5ft, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; the second received 20 sovs; half a mile, was won by Mr. T. Ansley's br f Fair Rosamond, by Rosicrucian, out of Fair Melrose, 8st 2lb (Constable) beating (by a neck) the Duke of Westminster's King Boreas, 8st 5lb (F. Archer); Mr. T. Stevens's Patricius, 8st 4lb (C. Wood); and 3 others. Even on Fair Rosamond, 2 to 1 agst King Boreas, 11 to 2 agst Patricius, and 7 to 1 agst Nutbony.

The STAMFORD STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; five furlongs, was won by Mr. P. Howett's b c Unicorn, by Lord Lyon, out of Golden Horn, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (200 sovs) (F. Archer), beating (by two lengths) Fulshaw, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (200); and another. 2 to 1 on Unicorn.

The STEWARDS' HANDICAP PLATE of 300 sovs; 5 furlongs. Lord Stamford's ch c Baronet, by Trumpeter, out of Baroness, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb.....Harding 1  
Captain Machell's Farnese, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb.....F. Archer 2  
Major Stapylton's Slander, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb.....W. Macdonald 3  
Also ran: Instantly, aged, 9st 5lb; King Death, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb; Clara, aged, 7st 6lb; Malplaquet, 5 yrs, 6st 9lb.

5 to 2 agst Farnese, 100 to 30 agst Slander, 4 to 1 agst Clara, 7 to 1 agst Instantly, 10 to 1 each agst King Death and Malplaquet, 100 to 8 agst Baronet, and 20 to 1 agst King Offa. Won by two lengths, four between second and third.

The IRWELL STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 60 added; six furlongs, was won by Mr. Lowe's bk f Polenta, by Parmesan, out of Grisi, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (50 sovs) (Wainwright) beating (by a neck) Mr. Ambery's Fulshaw, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb (250) (Morgan); and two others. 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, 5 to 1 agst Polenta. The winner was not sold.

A MAIDEN PLATE of 100 sovs; about five furlongs, was won by Mr. Hollingsworth's b f Stephanotis, by Paganini, out of White Rose, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (car 8st 6lb) (J. Snowden) beating (by a length) Mr. T. Stevens's Little Fish, 2 yrs, 6st 2lb (Hopkins), and Sundial, 3 yrs, 8st. My Mary was weighed for by Lemaire, and the number hoisted, but subsequently taken down, as the filly could not be found. 14 to 8 on Little Fish, 100 to 30 agst Stephanotis.

FRIDAY.

The OLDHAM HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; 6 fur., was won by Mr. Lowe's b f Polenta, by Parmesan out of Grisi, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (50 sovs) (Wainwright) beating (by a length) Mr. T. Ansley's Lady Ronald, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (inc 7lb ex) (Giles), and another. Morgan weighed for Miss Gertrude, 6 yrs, 7st, but did not go to the post. 5 to 2 on Lady Ronald, 4 to 1 agst Polenta, and 8 to 1 agst Lady Grace.

The EGLINTON WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; the second received 10 sovs; one mile, was won by Mr. T. Bingham's b h St. Patrick, by Knight of St. Patrick out of Fisherman's Daughter, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb (Constable), beating Mr. J. Green's Bird-in-the-Air, 3 yrs, 9st 12lb (T. Osborne), by fifteen lengths, and three others. 5 to 2 agst James Pigg, 3 to 1 agst St. Patrick, 7 to 2 Lady of Avenel, 5 to 1 agst Blue Belle, and 6 to 1 agst Bird-in-the-Air.

The JOHN O'GAUNT TWO YEAR OLD PLATE of 300 sovs; second received 20; half a mile.

Lord Stamford's b f by Scottish Chief—Emily, 8st 2lb.....F. Archer 1  
Major Stapylton's Satira, 8st 2lb.....Constable 2  
Mr. B. Gilpin's Britannia, 7st 13lb.....Huxtable 3  
Also ran: Agnes de Fiere, 8st 2lb; f by Macaroni out of Alberta, 8st 2lb; Wolferton, 8st 2lb; Patricius, 8st 5lb.

5 to 4 on the Emily filly, 3 to 1 agst Satira, and 10 to 1 agst Britannia. Won by four lengths; three between second and third.

The GERARD STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 60 added, for two year olds; half a mile, was won by Mr. Howsin's b f Bena, by Macaroni out of Antoni, 7st 12lb (250) (Wainwright), beating (by a neck) Mr. Bush's Madge Gordon, 7st 11lb (250) (Huxtable), Captain Jones's Maria Pia, 7st 7lb (250) (Carlisle), and four others. 6 to 5 on the Adelaide filly, 6 to 1 agst Bena, and 8 to 1 each agst Madge Gordon, Belle of Sutherland, and Maria Pia. A neck between second and third. Bought in for 170gs.

The SALFORD BOROUGH CUP of 200 sovs, added to 10 sovs each, the second received 20 sovs, and the third saved his stake. About one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Vyner's br h Ironstone, by Miner—Rosamond, 5 yrs, 6st 13lb

Mr. T. Holmes's Harriet Laws, 5 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Morgan 1  
Mr. T. Bingham's Harry Bluff, 5 yrs, 7st.....Howey 2  
Mr. W. Robinson's Annie Louise, 6 yrs, 6st 4lb.....W. Macdonald 3  
Mr. T. Begg's Midnight, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb.....J. Macdonald 4  
11 to 1 on Ironstone, 2 to 1 agst Midnight, and 5 to 1 agst Harry Bluff. Won by two lengths; same between second and third.

For the STAND STAKES of 5 sovs each, 5 furlongs, Mr. Howett's Unicorn, by Lord Lyon out of Golden Horn, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb (Skelton), walked over.

The CONSOLATION WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 60 added, winners extra, 5 furlongs, was won by Mr. Bate's bk m Miss Gertrude, by Saccharometer out of Miss Fanny, 6 yrs, 10st 13lb (F. Archer), beating (by three lengths) Mr. Horncastle's Clara, aged, 10st 13lb (Heslop),

Mr. Trevor's Chief, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (J. Snowden), and three others. 5 to 2 each agst the Gaiety colt and Malplaquet, 100 to 30 agst Chief, 4 to 1 agst Miss Gertrude, and 5 to 1 agst Clara. Three lengths between second and third.

SALISBURY MEETING.

THURSDAY, MAY 24.

The STEWARDS' PLATE (Welter Handicap) of 100 sovs, winners extra, one mile, was won by Sir F. Johnstone's b c Confessor, by The Palmer—Secret, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb (T. Cannon); beating (by a head) Mr. F. Lynham's Letcombe, 3 yrs, 9st (C. Gray); Mr. H. E. Tidy's Grouse, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb (C. Morton), and eight others. 9 to 4 agst Confessor, 11 to 2 agst Grouse, 6 to 1 agst Chesterfield, 100 to 8 each agst Kalmia and Letcombe, 100 to 6 agst Annette, and 20 to 1 agst Violet. Four lengths between second and third.

The WILTSHIRE STAKES of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 100 added, two miles, was won by Mr. Crawford's b c Morning Star, by Parmesan—Wild Flower, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb (Chaloner); beating (by a length) Mr. H. Bowes's Kineton, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb (C. Morton); Lord Hardwicke's Clavileno, 3 yrs, 6st (Gallon), and 3 others. 6 to 4 on Morning Star. A head between second and third.

The STONEHENGE PLATE of 100 sovs, for two-year-olds, half a mile, was won by Mr. T. Cannon's ch f by Trumpeter—Rapine, 8st 8lb (200) (Owner); beating (by a length) Sir G. Chetwynd's Lord Orford, 8st 5lb (250) (Parry); Mr. Bignell's Nugget, 8st 5lb (250) (Morris), and seven others. 6 to 4 agst Lord Orford, 3 to 1 agst Epidemic, 6 to 1 agst the Kapine filly, and 100 to 8 each of the others. Half a length between second and third. Bought in for 205gs. Mr. Bignell claimed Lord Orford.

The SALISBURY STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for two year olds; winners extra; half a mile, was won by Lord Anglesey's b c Dunmow, by Cecrops out of Rose of Tralee, 9st 1lb (inc 3lb extra) (J. Goar); beating (by a neck) Duke of Montrose's Eminence, 8st 12lb (C. Archer); Sir F. Johnstone's Thistle, 8st 8lb (T. Cannon); and 4 others. 2 to 1 on Dunmow, 6 to 1 agst Eminence, and 8 to 1 agst Thistle.

The CITY BOWL of 100 sovs; 5 fur, was won by Mr. J. R. Vincent's b g Kedgerree, by Y Melbourne out of Gunga Gee, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (50 sovs) (Glover); beating (by a length and a half) Mr. T. Cannon's Little Fif, 2 yrs, 6st 2lb (50) (Pugh); Mr. Davis's Lady Honey, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (50) (F. Jeffery); and 5 others. 3 to 1 agst Little Fif, 4 to 1 agst Lady Honey, 5 to 1 each agst Wild Rose and Pibroch, and 10 to 1 each agst Kedgerree, Selim, and Sporting Chronicle. A length between second and third. Bought in for 100gs.

The UNITED OPEN HUNT STAKES of 50 sovs; 2 miles, was won by Mr. Bracher's br c Ixion, by General Williams out of Carnation, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb (inc 5lb extra) (Mr. F. G. Hobson); beating (by a length) Mr. Waldron's Cherry Angel, 6 yrs, 11st 6lb (Mr. H. M. Rudd); Sir M. Crofton's Ignition, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb (Owner), and two others. Even on Ixion, 11 to 4 agst Lord Hawke, and 5 to 1 agst Ignition.

FRIDAY.

The LONGFORD CASTLE STAKES of 25 sovs each, 10ft, &c., for two-year-olds; colts; half a mile, was won by Mr. J. Powney's ch c by Alpenstock out of Marcia, 8st 7lb (Cannon) beating (by a head) Mr. A. Wolie's c by Chattanooga out of Bourgogne, 8st 9lb (Goater), and three others. 5 to 4 agst the Bourgogne colt, 5 to 2 agst the Marcia colt, 4 to 1 agst Pinkie, and 5 to 1 agst Hagarene.

A HUNTER'S SELLING FLAT RACE of 3 sovs each, with 30 added; two miles on the flat, was won by Mr. J. Waldron's ch h Cherry Angel, by Marsyas out of Christina, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb (50 sovs) (Mr. Barnes) beating (by half a length) Mr. T. Cannon's f by Ely out of Queensland, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb (250) (Owner). 6 to 4 on Cherry Angel, and 5 to 1 agst the Queensland filly. Bought in for 75 guineas.

The WILTON PARK STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile, was won by Sir F. Johnstone's ch f Thistle, by Scottish Chief out of Flower Safety, 8st 8lb (Cannon) beating (by a neck) Mr. A. Taylor's f by Sir Walter Tyrrel—Belgravia, 8st 8lb (Challoner), and four others. 2 to 1 each agst The Owl and Fasting Girl, and 4 to 1 agst Thistle.

The LONGLEAT SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs, three-quarters of a mile, was won by Mr. Robinson's b c Palestine, by Promised Land out of Anticipation, 3 yrs, 9st 4lb (Challoner) beating (by a head) Mr. H. E. Tidy's Grouse, 3 yrs, 9st 6lb (C. Morton); Mr. G. Trimmer's Kalmia, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (Mordan); and three others. 7 to 4 agst Grouse, 2 to 1 agst Good Thing, and 10 to 1 each agst Palestine, Kalmia, and Clara II. Two lengths between second and third. Sold to Mr. Turk for 140 guineas. Mr. Trimmer claimed Grouse.

The SALISBURY CUP, value 200 sovs, by subscription of 10 sovs each, the surplus to be divided between the second and the fund; winners extra; one mile; 20 subs.

Sir F. Johnstone's ch f Miriam, by Victorious out of Dulcimer, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb.....Gallon 1  
Mr. Bryant's Hestia, 5 yrs, 8st 3lb.....Parry 2  
Mr. F. Harding's Brunswicker, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb.....C. Archer 3

Betting: even on Brunswicker, 6 to 4 agst Hestia, and 4 to 1 agst Miriam. Won by half a length; four lengths between second and third.

HER HAJESTY'S PLATE of 200 guineas; weight for age; 3 miles.

Sir G. Chetwynd's ch h Chypre, by Blinkhoo's—Ess Bouquet, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb.....J. Goater 1  
Duke of Hamilton's ch c Sugarloaf, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb.....Rossiter 2  
Mr. F. Harding's b c Joker, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb.....C. Archer 3

Mr. C. Harcourt's Alphonso, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb.....T. Chaloner 0  
Mr. Stallard's Corsair, 2 yrs, 7st 8lb.....Page 0  
Betting: Evens on Sugarloaf, 5 to 2 agst Chypre, 4 to 1 agst Corsair, and 100 to 15 agst Joker. Won by six lengths; a bad third.

HARPENDEN MEETING.

FRIDAY, MAY 25.

The HARPENDEN HANDICAP STAKES of 150 sovs, added to 15 sovs each, 10 ft; second saved stake; about one mile and a quarter, was won by Captain Lane's ch h Lord Berners, by Lord Clifden—Suttee, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (Wood), beating (by four lengths) Mr. John Nightingall's ch f La Cigale, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (Weedon), and another. 6 to 4 agst Lord Berners. The HARPENDEN TWO YEAR OLD STAKES of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 150 added; second saved stake; half a mile, straight.

Mr. Ellerton's b f Ersilia, by Rosicrucian—Hilda, 9st 6lb (inc. 12lb ex.)

Mr. Acton's ch f Equinox, 8st 10lb (inc. 5lb ex.).....Wyatt 1  
2 to 1 on Ersilia, who won by a length.

The HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs, 5 fur., was won by Lord Exeter's ch c Joseph, by Lynton out of Magdala, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb (car. 6st 6lb) (Luke), beating (by a length and a half) Mr. C. F. Brill's b m Perseverance, 6 yrs, 7st 5lb (car. 7st 7lb) (Morbey), Mr. Self's b h Spectator, 6 yrs, 6st 10lb (car. 7st 4lb) (C. Wood), and three others. 5 to 4 agst Joseph, 9 to 4 agst Perseverance, and 4 to 1 agst Lord George. A length between second and third.

The MANOR TWO YEAR OLD SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; half a mile, was won by Lord Vivian's br f Alameda, by Pero Gomez out of Nightjar, 8st 1lb (250) (Dodge), beating (by two lengths) Mr. Sheldon's b f Violet Melrose, 8st 1lb (250) (C. Wood), Mr. J. Potter's ch f Lizzie, 8st 1lb (250) (Aldridge), and three others. 6 to 4 on Violet Melrose, 7 to 2 agst Camera, 10 to 1 each agst Alameda, Jonah, and Lizzie, and 100 to 8 each agst Bulfinch. Half a length between second and third. Sold to Mr. Manser for 165 guineas. Mr. Inglis gave 27 guineas for Bulfinch.

The WHEATHAMPSTEAD STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added, 5 fur., was won by Captain D. Lane's br c Father Matthew, by Victorious out of Lemonade, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (250) (Weedon), beating (by a length) Mr. Prior's b f Kate, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb (250) (C. Wood), Mr. Greenwood's b f Maid of the Valley, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (250) (Barlow), and four others. 6 to 4 agst Father Matthew, 4 to 1 agst Kate, 5 to 1 agst Miss Manfield, 100 to 15 agst Maid of the Valley, 8 to 1 agst Spectator, and 10 to 1 agst Lord George. Bought in for 200 guineas. Mr. Greenwood claimed Kate.

The ROTHAMPSTEAD TWO YEAR OLD STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 75 added; half a mile, was won by Mr. Jennings's b c Fiddlestring, by Paganini out of Acid, 9st 3lb (Fearis), beating (by a neck) Mr. Sheldon's b f Violet Melrose, 8st 8lb (C. Wood), Mr. Alexander's ch f Boomerang, 8st 8lb (Morbey), and two others. 6 to 4 agst Boomerang, 2 to 1 agst Fiddlestring, and 100 to 12 "bar two." Two lengths between second and third.

THE FRENCH DERBY.

PRIX DU JOCKEY CLUB (FRENCH DERBY) of 40 sovs each, 24 ft, and 20 only if declared, for three-year-olds; colts, 8st 11lb; fillies, 8st 8lb; second received 160 sovs.

Count G. de Juigné's Jongleur, by Mars—Joliette, 8st 11lb.....Carratt 1  
Count F. de Lagrange's Verneuil, by Mortemer—Regalia, 8st 11lb Goater 2  
Baron de Rothschild's Strachino, by Parmesan—Old Maid, 8st 11lb Cannon 3  
Also ran: Loisir, 8st 11lb; Pognotte, 8st 11lb; Réveillon, 8st 11lb; Pornic, 8st 11lb; Astrée, 8st 8lb.

Betting: 3 to 1 on Jongleur, 4 to 1 agst Strachino, 10 to 1 agst Verneuil, 25 to 1 each agst Loisir, Pornic, and Astrée. Won by half a length; a length and a half between second and third, Astrée was fourth, Pornic fifth, and Loisir sixth, the other pair pulling up. Value of the stakes £4,083.

We have received the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Queen Insurance Company, and gladly note its prosperous and highly satisfactory condition. It is seldom that a trotting match has caused so much excitement in Yorkshire as that which was decided on Thursday last on the Old London Road, between Bawtry and Doncaster, the competitors being Mr. Charles Wray's Princess Beatrice and Mr. Frederick Fisher's Nancy, two miles, each one to go as they pleased—either under saddle or in a sulky, for £200. Archie Campbell, who had carefully trained Mr. Wray's mare, was on the back of Princess Beatrice, while Moffatt, of Manchester, who had charge of Nancy, drove her in a somewhat heavy sulky. The pair went well together for about a mile and a half, when Princess Beatrice drew to the front and won easily by over 50 yards, in 6min 15sec.

For the convenience of the public the South-Western Railway Company will keep open their West-End office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly, for the sale of tickets until 11 p.m. each night up to and including Thursday, and tickets can also be obtained at the various booking offices.

GREAT excitement was caused at Epsom on Monday by the non-arrival of Pellegrino, various rumours being afloat, some that he had been unboxed at Kingston and walked over, others that he was scratched, which turned out to be but too true.

HURLINGHAM CLUB.—In another part of our paper will be found the full programme of the above Club for the month of June.

THE COBHAM STUD YEARLINGS.—Messrs. Tattersall are instructed to sell the above yearlings on the 16th of June, a catalogue of which will be found in our advertisement columns.

REQUEST OF A MILLION STERLING TO A SPORTSMAN.—The North British Agriculturist understands that the Mr. A. P. Lonsdale who has had bequeathed to him an estate and the sum of £1,000,000 sterling by the will of the late Mr. Heywood, banker, Liverpool, is the proprietor of the fine estate of Acton Park, Wrexham, Wales.

The Prince of Wales has taken Easthampstead Park, Berkshire, for the Ascot week.

MR. PEDDIE'S address is  
2, Place Frédéric Sauvage,  
Boulogne-sur-Mer.—Advr.

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18-Carat Gold LOCKETS,	from £1 os. to £20
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Mr. Streeter marks upon his goods the quality of gold supplied by him, which is a true guarantee.—The Times.

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GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, Chronometer Balance,	£28
GOLD WATCHES, time keeping guaranteed,	from £5 to £150
CLOCKS, for the Dining-room or Library,	„ £3 „ £100
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Mr. Streeter, of 18, New Bond-street, is producing his Watches by machinery, whereby a saving of one-third the cost is effected.—The Times.

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18-Carat Gold EARRINGS,	set with Gems, from	£2 10s. to £50
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18-Carat Gold COLLARETTES and NECK-	} " £10. " £100	
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Mr. Streeter's new work on Precious Stones and Gems, richly illustrated. Cloth, 18s.; whole calf, 27s.—London: Chapman and Hall.

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PRIZE CUPS, in Silver,	from £3 to £500
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TEA SETS, in Silver,	„ £30 „ £100

PROBATE.—Valuations made of every description of Silver, Family Plate, and Jewels, or same purchased for cash, less five per cent. off valuation.

The Jewellery Business now carried on at 18, NEW BOND STREET, is the third-oldest established amongst the Court Jewellers of England. It was first established in Bevis Marks, in the City of London, during the XVIIth Century, was afterwards removed and carried on as a West-End Jeweller's in Hanover-square, and from thence to 18, NEW BOND STREET,

Warrants of Appointment were given during the reigns of GEORGE III., GEORGE IV., WILLIAM IV., and QUEEN VICTORIA, as Jewellers, Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, and Watchmakers,




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
"Granville" Private Express Train leaves  
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
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
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A VISION OF LONDON SOCIETY.



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

HAVING to "do" the Derby is not to me the congenial task it is to more sportive and speculative individuals. I am lamentably backward in matters relating to the Turf. This is doubtless my own fault, since scared by the loss of my first bet, I solemnly swore by the bones of my ancestors I never again would adventure my little all upon so uncertain a proceeding as a horse-race. Whenever I take my lot in a sweepstake I make up my mind beforehand to lose, and am never disappointed.

I cannot say, however, that a race-meeting has no charms for me. Apart altogether from the interest of the event, it brings together such a concourse of various characters that he must be

than I can pretend to be. Let me see. What are the accepted types of character to be observed at the Derby that a writer is supposed to indicate lightly and humorously in passing? There is the St. Giles's "bloke" who vends the Correct Card. What more can I say about this individual than has been said over and over again hundreds of times. I can only recapitulate the description of his hoarse voice, peculiar to the lower order of London rough, who inherits it from his parents before him, and transmits it to his own children. I can only say that this is a gentleman I should not care to meet with in a suburban lane at the hour of night when the policeman is having that "bit of supper" with Jane the cook in the front kitchen. His habiliments may be highly picturesque in their raggedness, and no doubt he is altogether a worthy subject for the pen of a Dickens. His beauties, however, are to my eye irretrievably obscured by his grossness. His voice offends my ear, his looks my vision. I would gladly apprehend him in the act of picking a pocket, that I might hand him over to the officers of justice.

Another Derby type of whom I can make nothing, is the inevitable cockney snob, who has hired a hack at a livery stable, and careers down to Epsom like a nobleman upon a blood horse. I daresay there is a good deal of humour to be infused into a description of his affectation and habiliments. But it has all been done before, and I don't see my way to doing anything either, further than to say that I hope the owner of the horse will make him pay heavy damages for breaking the animal's knees, or that the intelligent animal will be its own avenger, and break his collar-bone or so on the road home. I am as misanthropical as Mr. Leonard Towne's Percy. Man delights me not, and as for women—well, the one that most prominently attracts my eye at the Derby brings back my mind to theatrical associations. It would be simply stale philosophy on

hunted hound. But I beg to say I do not feel equal to any such high-toned sentiment upon the present occasion. After all, I believe I have seen that very identical Derby dog hunt down and worry to death a harmless necessary cat in the very street in which I live. So that according to the laws of just retribution, the punishment he is getting at the hands of a yelling mob is no more than his due. Only I do wish they would yell a little less vehemently, because my nerves are exceedingly irritable just now.

As I before remarked, I take no interest in the race itself for my own part, but this does not prevent me from exercising the gifts

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC  
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without perception who finds therein no material for profitable study. Yet I would rather from this point of view attend any other race meeting than the Derby. Having once seen this stupendous cockney festival, you have seen it always. And the whole affair becomes as stereotyped as the regulation leading article that is perforce perennially devoted to it in daily newspapers. Possibly my captiousness is a little tinged with dyspepsia. It is more than likely I was in a mood to believe myself an ill-used afflicted mortal, to protest that it has pleased heaven to steep me in affliction to the very lips, and that I cannot patiently put up with it. At all events, I do not approach my subject with that cheerful alacrity of spirit, that sprightly liveliness of fancy, that are usually amongst my most engaging charac-

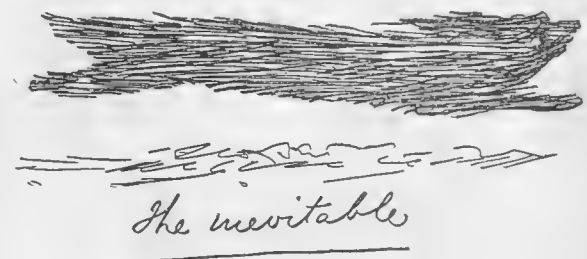


my part to begin to moralise on the gorgeousness of her attire, the brilliancy of her diamonds, and the costliness of her equipage. I am sick of harping upon the old theme of venal Venuses who make the stage their market place. They have it all their own way. Every encouragement is afforded them to sell themselves and degrade art. What is the use, therefore, of indulging in empty preaching? The highly respectable British capitalist passes her by on the racecourse without any visible sign of recognition. A dignified shadow of virtuous disapproval is the only alteration that can be said to affect his features at the sight of her. Yet we all know that before the night is over he will be at her feet, that his cheque-book will be at her command, and that his cultured ear will find more delight in the slangy grossness of her conversation than it ever finds in the modest discourse of wife and daughters. The penalty of being passed in public by its devotees without recognition, is a cheap price the demi-monde has to pay for its private license and luxury.

Let me turn for solace to the dumb animals. Alas, what comfort can they afford to a mind like mine weighed down by the burthen of an intolerable ennui? Of course the first brute that suggests itself is the inevitable Derby dog. I suppose an interesting sermon is to be preached anent the tortures inflicted upon this interesting tyke. Pathos is to be turned on profusely from the same tap that supplied Sterne with the tears he dropped over a defunct donkey. "Poor Dog Tray" is to be chanted with untremulous Gregorian measure, and reflections about it being sweet to hear the honest watch-dog's deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home, &c., &c., are to be appositely quoted to intensify the picture of misery, presented by the



of prophecy, which I believe myself to be possessed of in an eminent degree. I am a dreamer of dreams. And every night for the past fortnight the shadow of a "dark horse" has sat upon my chest and disturbed my slumber. Directly as slumber touches my eyelids he mounts to his place, and all tired as I am with the labours of the day, the weariness of the night adds doubly to my weight of grievances. It is no wonder, under the circumstances, that my mind should be soured, that I can support no warm feelings of enthusiasm concerning any such subject as the



Derby and its associations, that, in short, I should suffer from a depression greater than that which afflicted King David on occasions after he had broken a favourite commandment, and found it necessary to invoke the clemency of heaven. Yet, in spite of my vexation of spirit, I have contrived to give my readers the "straight tip," and if they are clever enough to discover it on this page, they are heartily welcome to profit by it.

A WRITER in the *Field* says, "The grouse season will be a late one; but experienced sportsmen, it is thought, will not regard this unfavourably. In an early season the grouse on the opening day are wild and strong on the wing; consequently they pack so much earlier, and after the first fortnight large bags can scarcely be made. This season, however, for the reason above stated, will be likely to afford a more protracted period of successful sport. After due inquiry, it is satisfactory to have ascertained that there is not the slightest appearance of grouse disease in the north, which some of your correspondents report as prevailing in Yorkshire." Another and a Yorkshire correspondent also says: that all Yorkshire need not utterly despair, although the note of woe is raised at Sheffield, altho' it has been said that "all the exposed moors in and about Yorkshire are more or less afflicted;" but this wide, sweeping statement must, still, I fancy, be confined to the horizon commanded from the same standpoint, viz., the southern extremity of the West Riding. At any rate, it may be a consolation to many anxious minds; especially to those in London who are dependent on newspaper reports, to hear that no trace of disease had been seen by the keepers on considerable moors in the parish of Halifax up to last week; and that at the end of April I made personal inquiry on the borders of the Tees, and heard no complaint of the kind there. I have not much fear myself of any wide-spread disease this year. Your correspondent speaks of "the unexampled severity of the winter"! Hunting men, I should think, will agree that there never was a more open winter.

teristics. I seem to regard it as barren, unprofitable, and in short played out. I am happy to say I am peculiar in this poverty of inspiration upon the present occasion. I am glad to observe that my friend Mr. Sturgess is able to give quite a fresh interest to the subject in his clever picture anent the Derby. It is some sort of consolation to know that one's short comings are not shared by everybody.

But I ask you now, what can I say about the Derby that has not been said before over and over again by more genial scribblers



THE SECUNDERABAD HUNT.

THE above hunt has been now established for three years, having been got together chiefly by General Beale when he was commanding the division. Twelve couple is the average hunting strength of the pack, which is composed of drafts got every cold season from England. Naturally, with draft hounds one does not see very A1 hunting, but very good runs are got at times, and forty-five minutes without a check is not by any means an uncommon occurrence. It may interest our readers at home to see a study of the Indian hunters field, who have to turn out before daybreak, and if their style of get up is not strictly in accordance with English ideas, the style of heart that beats under it is; and in the picture we give will be found a fair "tattle" of men, who were well known at home, and who are as hard to beat in the Deccan as they were in the old country. Our illustration is from a photograph, and we make no doubt that our military readers will be able to recognise some of their brethren in arms, who, if they are hunting under disadvantageous circumstances, at all events enjoy the force of them, and still keep bright the happy memories that are awakened only by horn and hound.

We owe the photograph from which our illustration has been made to Messrs. Moddender, of Bombay, at present on a visit to Secunderabad.

"FOR A FUTURE DERBY."

THERE are few prettier scenes to be met with in the world—of the Turf—than such an one as that which Mr. Sturges has depicted on another page. Those half dozen or so of handsome yearlings that are romping about the paddock in the very exuberance of unrestrained life and vigour, are of lofty lineage, as one of these days will be shown when they are paraded before Mr. Tattersall at one of his Saturday reviews. Young and green and leggy as they are, their shapes, we may be sure, have been carefully scanned by more than one experienced eye, and their action noted. Probably a Special Commissioner or so has already looked them over, with a view to the enlightenment of intending buyers. The fidelity of our artist's sketch will be recognised by all who have visited Middle Park, Cobham, Dewhurst, Hampton Court, and other breeding establishments, and discounted the chances of the candidates "For a Future Derby."

CANDIDATES FOR THE PRELIMINARY CANTER.

A REFERENCE to some of the oldest prints of the Derby shows that the Derby dog is an ancient institution. Whether he was first "put in" to the picture by an artist who wanted him for the sake of the composition, or, whether, on the other hand, he came of his own accord, and sat for his portrait, is more than we can say. At any rate, there he is—as ragged and as ill-bred in a Corinthian work which is now before us, as he is, multiplied by five, in Mr. Furniss's humorous sketch. Judging from the energetic demeanour of the Force, there can be no reasonable doubt that long ere the Grand Stand is reached there will be but one Derby dog left to delight with his abject manifestations of terror the many-headed.

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4. A BAY FILLY, by Vespasian out of Letty West (dam of Lotitia, &c.), by West Australian by Prim; foaled Jan. 27.
5. A BAY COLT, by Chanticleer out of Albartross, by Buccaneer; foaled Feb. 7.
6. A BAY COLT, by Speculum out of Shepherd's Bush, by Lord Clifden, her dam The Doorha, by The Hermit; foaled April 1.
7. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of Castanette, by Pelion; foaled April 3.
8. A BAY COLT by Restitution out of May Queen dam of Mayfair, &c., by Trumpeter; foaled March 3.
9. A BAY FILLY by Marsyas or Chattanooga out of Fricandean, by Caterer; foaled March 11.
10. A BAY FILLY by Chattanooga out of Young Desdemona, by Thormanby, her dam Foible, by Faugh-a-Ballagh; foaled April 20.
11. A BAY COLT by Wild Oats out of Foible (dam of Wryley, Pearlseeker, &c.), by Faugh-a-Ballagh; foaled February 2.
12. A BAY COLT by Speculum out of Cestus (dam of Niger), by Newminster; foaled March 20.
13. A BAY COLT, by Favonius out of Juliana (dam of Julian), by Julius, her dam Contadina, by Newminster; foaled April 0.
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16. A BAY COLT, by Blair Athol out of Ladylike (dam of Birthday, Birthright, Rosebery, &c.), by Newminster; foaled March 23.
17. DEUTSCHMEISTER, a brown colt, by Blue Gown out of Alicia (dam of Ritter-von-Geist, &c.), by Ambrose out of Besika, by Beiram, her dam Merope, by Voltaire; foaled March 17.
18. A BROWN FILLY, by Favonius, out of Polias (dam of Policy), by Weatherbit—foaled March 10.
19. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Blair Athol, out of Armada (dam of Bella, Lammermoor, &c.), by Buccaneer—foaled March 13.
20. GEISTERKVENIG, a Chestnut Colt, by Cambuscan, out of Vesta (dam of Vespasian and Sabius), by Stockwell—foaled February 25.
21. SEIKVENIG, a Bay Colt, by Soapstone out of Marinette, by Stockwell (dam of Strawberry Hill and Lord Waldegrave), her dam, Miss Twickenham (dam of Teddington), by Rockingham, out of Electress, by Election—foaled February 16.
22. A BAY COLT, by Blair Athol, out of Lucy Bertram, by Newminster—foaled February 17.
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24. A BAY COLT, by Albert Victor, out of Masquerade (dam of Highland Fling, &c.)—foaled March 4.
25. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Adventurer, out of Fairy Queen, by Orest, her dam, Queen Mab, by Lambton—foaled March 2.
26. FIRMAMENT, a Chestnut Colt, by Blue Gown, out of Contadina (dam of King Hal, Juliana, &c.), by Newminster—foaled February 3.
27. A BROWN FILLY, (sister to The Pirate), by Adventurer, out of Kate Dayrell (dam of Dee, &c.), by Wild Dayrell—foaled January 25.
28. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Hermit, out of Southern Cross (dam of Selsea Bill), by Y. Melbourne—foaled February 12.
29. A BROWN FILLY (sister to Polly Perkins and Birdie), by Macaroni, out of Molly Carew—foaled January 14.
30. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Wild Oats, out of Steppe, by Saunterer, out of Seclusion (dam of Hermit, &c.)—foaled January 15.
31. A BROWN FILLY, by D'Estournel, out of Trickish (dam of Decoy Duck), by Prime Minister—foaled February 4.
32. A BAY FILLY, by Blair Athol, out of Rose of Kent (dam of Syce, Hopbine, Rose of Eltham, Maiden's Blush, Lord Mayo, Spartacus, &c.), by Kingston—foaled April 30.
33. A BAY FILLY, by Macaroni, out of Wild Swan, by Wild Dayrell, her dam, Kara Avis, by Chanticleer—foaled February 5.
34. A BAY FILLY, by Scottish Chief, out of Marchioness Maria, by Colsterdale—foaled March 1.
35. A BAY FILLY, by Macaroni out of Myrus, by Stockwell; foaled April 14.
36. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Blair Athol out of Better Half, by Marionette, her dam Tamara, by Weatherbit; foaled March 20.
37. A BAY FILLY, by Blair Athol out of Mrs. Naggleton, by Prime Minister; foaled March 5.
38. A BAY COLT, by King of the Forest out of Minna Troil, by Buccaneer; foaled March 27.
39. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Blair Athol out of Fairchild, by Orlando; foaled Jan. 31.
40. A BAY COLT, by Wild Oats out of Indian Princess, by Marsyas; foaled March 23.
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45. A BROWN FILLY by Young Melbourne out of Vagary, by Musjid, her dam Vaga, by Stockwell; foaled February 14.
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49. A BROWN COLT, by Macaroni out of Papoose (dam of Piccinny, Wigwam, &c.), by Newminster; foaled Feb. 24.

50. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Prince Charlie out of Catherine, by Macaroni, her dam Selina, by De Clare; foaled Feb. 13.
51. A BAY FILLY, by Prince Charlie out of Matilda (dam of Cottenham), by Orlando; foaled April 23.
52. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Wild Oats, out of Brenda Troil, by Saunterer, her dam, Minna Troil, by Buccaneer—foaled April 6.
53. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Blair Athol, out of Circe, by Dundee—foaled February 26.
54. A BAY FILLY, by Speculum, out of Dentelle, dam of Astrea, by Trumpeter, her dam Chiffoniere—foaled February 28.
55. A BAY FILLY, by King of the Forest, out of Frolicsome, by Weatherbit—foaled March 28.
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BROOD MARES.

1. ACACIA (1874) by Lord Clifden, out of Bel Esperanza, by Van Galen, dam Belladrum, by Chanticleer; dam Plausible, by Springy Jack; dam Pasquinade, by Camel, served by Cecrops.
2. ACTRESS (1865) by Stockwell, dam Himalaya, Imaus's dam, by Bay Middleton, with a Bay Colt, by Kingcraft, foaled 25th April, and served by Scottish Chief.
3. AFFINITY (1867) by Young Melbourne, dam Potash, by Voltigeur; dam Alkali, by Slane; dam Sea Kale, by Camel, served by Scottish Chief.
- 3A. A BAY FILLY by King of the Forest out of Affinity; foaled January 11.
4. \*AGILITY (1867), by Adventurer out of Mandragora; won many long distance races; beat Rosicrucian in the York Cup as a three-year-old, and Albert Victor as a four-year old in the same race, weight-for-age, with a chestnut filly by Scottish Chief, foaled March 27, and served by him again.
5. AMOROUS (1856) (dam of Amity, Sir Hugo, Warren Point, and Lady Honey), by Ambrose out of Tisiphone, by Gladiator, her dam Togar, by Sultan, with a chestnut filly by Kingcraft; foaled March 19, and served by King of Scots.
6. AMMUNITION (1863), (dam of Forest Queen and Pull Charge), by Vedette, dam Carbine, by Rifleman; dam Troica, by Lanercost; dam Siberia, by Brutandorf.
- 6A. A FILLY by Kingcraft out of Ammunition; foaled Jan 15, served by King of Scots.
7. BARONESS (1858) (dam of Miss Toto, Madame Toto and Baronet), by Stockwell, dam Escalade, by Touchstone; dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloon, with a filly by Kingcraft; foaled April 26, and served by Cardinal York.
8. BARONESS CLIFDEN (1873), by Lord Clifden out of Baroness, by Stockwell; her dam Escalade, by Touchstone; dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloon, with a colt by Vedette; foaled April 6, served by Scottish Chief.
9. BOHEMIA (1860) (dam of Lady Allcash, Raby Castle, and Balfie), by Weatherbit, dam Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff; dam Sister to Fox, by Whisker, with a colt by Scottish Chief; foaled May 9, and served by him again.
10. CASSIDA (1860) (dam of Charnwood, Bradgate, and Caledonia), by Orlando out of Himalaya, by Bay Middleton; her dam Moodkee, by Venison out of Deiance, by Rubens, with a bay colt by Cecrops; foaled April 17, and served by him again.
11. CASSIOPE (1867), by Voltigeur out of Vanity, winner of the Chester Cup, &c., by Touchstone, her dam Garland, by Langer, served by Cecrops.
- 11A. A BROWN FILLY, by Cecrops out of Cassiope; foaled Feb. 25.
12. CAVRIANA (1857) (the dam Van Amburgh and Cecrops), by Longbow or Mountain Deer; her dam Calcevalle, by Birdcatcher out of Caroline, by Drone, served by Scottish Chief.
13. CELLINA (1864), winner of many races (and dam of Acropolis), by Newminster out of Queen Bee, by Amorosa, her dam May Fly, by Emilius, served Scottish Chief.
14. CERINTHA, (1860) winner of the Athorp Park Stakes and other races (dam of Achiever, Lady Rawcliffe and Hadrian), by Newminster, out of Queen Bee, by Amorina; her dam May Fly by Emilius, served by Doncaster.
- 14A. A Chestnut Filly, by Scottish Chief, out of Cerintha, foaled 17th of February.
15. COLUMBINE, (1857) (dam of Viscount), by the Flying Dutchman, dam Clarissa, by Pantaloon, Glencoe, Frolicsome, by Frolic, served by Paul Jones.
16. CRACOVienne, (1866) by Trumpeter, out of Cachucha, by Voltigeur; her dam Ayacanora, by Birdcatcher, out of Pocahontas, served by Scottish Chief.
- 16A. A Chestnut Colt, by Favonius, foaled 7th March, out of Cracovienne.
17. CROSSFIRE, (1862) by Vedette, out of Crosslanes, by Slane, out of Diversion, by Defence, out of Folly, by Middleton, served by Cecrops.
- 17A. A Brown Colt, by Cecrops, out of Crossfire, foaled 1st February.
18. CHATELAINE (1872), by Cambuscan out of Fal-lal, by Fazzetto out of Farina, by Venison; served by Scottish Chief.
- 18A. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Kingcraft out of Chateleine; foaled March 7.
19. CHILD OF THE MIST (1874), by Lord Clifden out of Maid of the Mist, by the Flying Dutchman; dam Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff; dam Sister to Fox, by Whisker; served by Vedette.
20. CATILINA (1868), by Macaroni out of Margaret of Anjou, by Touchstone; her dam Margaret, by Margrave out of Sister to Memnon, by Whisker; served by Vedette.
21. DEVOTION (1863), by Vedette, dam Priestess, by The Doctor out of Biddy, by Bran; served by Scottish Chief.
- 21A. A BROWN FILLY, by Prince Charlie out of Devotion; foaled March 9.
22. DONNA DEL LAGO (1859), winner of many races (and dam of Helvellyn, Ladoga, Rhoderick Dhu, &c.), by Lord of the Isles out of Shot, Marksmen's dam, by Birdcatcher; served by Citadel.
23. EDITH (1857) (dam of Lord Ronald, Scottish Queen, MacAlpine, and Lady Ronald), by Newminster, dam Deidamia, by Pyrrhus the First; dam Wiasma, by Hetman Platoff; dam Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede, served by Doncaster.
24. EMILY (1857), winner of many races (and dam of Valeria, Ainsley, Normanby, &c.), by Stockwell out of Meance, by Touchstone, served by King of Scots.
25. ESS ROUCOT (1861) (the dam of Chypre), Sister to Flower Girl, by Orlando out of Bouquet, by Bay Middleton, Violet (by Melbourne), Snowdrop (by Dr. Syntax), served by Kingcraft.
26. FORMOSA (1865) (winner of the 1,000 Guineas and dead-heat for the 2,000, and won the Epsom Oaks and Doncaster St. Leger), by Buccaneer out of Eller, by Chanticleer; her dam by Tomboy out of Tesane, by Whisker, served by Scottish Chief.

- 26A. \*A BROWN FILLY by Y. Melbourne out of Formosa; foaled Jan. 26.
27. THE GEM (1862) (dam of Torquoise), by King of Trumps, dam Amythist, by Touchstone; dam Camphine, by the Provost; dam Gadfly; by Mayfly; served by Scottish Chief.
- 27A. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Citadel out of The Gem; foaled Feb. 16.
28. GEMMA (1857), winner of many races, by Womersley out of Garenne, by Gladiator, Elthron, or Freestrop out of Jessie, by Emancipation; served by Doncaster.
- 28A. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Prince Charlie out of Gemma; foaled Jan. 18.
29. GORGONZOLA (1873), by Parmesan, dam by West Australian (Croxthede dam), her dam Clarissa, by Pantaloon; dam by Glencoe out of Frolicsome; not served.
30. IDALIA (1865), winner of the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, &c., by Thunderbolt out of Dulcibella; her dam Priestess, by the Doctor; served by Cardinal York.
31. IRISH BELLE (1859) (dam of Oxford Mixture, Clavileno, &c.), by Kingston, Colleen Dhuas by Rust, served by Scottish Chief.
32. LADY AUGUSTA (1860) winner of the 1000 Guineas and other races (dam of Constance, Restrevor, and Whitehaven), by Stockwell, out of Meance, by Touchstone; her dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloon, with a colt by the Palmer, foaled 6th May, and served by Scottish Chief.
33. LADY ANNIE (1872) by Knowsley, out of Edith, by Newminster, dam Deidamia, by Pyrrhus the First; dam Wiasma, by Hetman Platoff; dam Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede, with a bay colt by Vedette, foaled 27th April, and served by Scottish Chief.
34. LADY DEWHURST (1866) (the dam of Moatlands and Daisy) by Newminster, dam the Dutchman's Daughter, by the Flying Dutchman; dam Emute, by Lanercost; dam Bellona, by Beagle, served by Doncaster.
35. LADY RAVENSWORTH, (1865) by Voltigeur, dam by Lady Hawthorn, by Windhound; dam Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Molock; dam Rebecca, by Lottery, with a bay colt by King of the Forest, foaled 30th March, and served by Scottish Chief.
36. LADY VALENTINE (1862) (the dam of Cambysses), winner of many races, by Sedbury, her dam by Weatherbit, out of St. Anne, by St. Francis, served by Scottish Chief.
- 36A. A BAY COLT, by Scottish Chief, out of Lady Valentine, foaled 1st Feb.
37. LADY WARREN (1871), by Orest, out of Potash by Voltigeur; her dam Alkali, by Slane, out of Sea-Kale, by Camel, served by Scottish Chief.
38. LAVINIA (1863) (dam of Little Dorrit), by the Cure, dam Lady Louisa, by Touchstone; her dam by Lanercost, dam Caroline, by Whisker, with a Bay Colt by the Palmer, foaled 10th April, served by Scottish Chief.
39. LIGHT (1861), winner of many races, by Prime Minister, out of Candlewick; her dam Maid of Burleigh, by Sultan, served by Cecrops.
40. LITTLE LADY (1858), winner of many races (dam of My Lady and Camballo), by Orlando, out of Volley, by Voltaire; her dam Martha Linn, by Mulatto, with a bay filly, by Scottish Chief, foaled 6th May, and served by him again.
41. MAID OF THE MIST (1856) (dam of Light Cloud and Dark Cloud), by the Flying Dutchman, dam Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff, dam Sister to Fox, by Whisker, with a bay colt, by Vedette, foaled 22nd April, and served by Adventurer.
42. MAID OF PERTH (1868), by Blair Athol, dam Sweet Pea, by Touchstone; dam Pink Bonnet, by Lanercost; Belinda, by Blacklock, with a chestnut filly, by Favonius, foaled 26th April, and served by Scottish Chief.
43. MANDRAGORA (1860), (dam of Mandrake, Agility, Apology, &c.), by Ratanaplan, out of Manganese, by Birdcatcher; her dam Moonbeam, by Tomboy, out of Lunatic, by Prime Minister, served by Scottish Chief.
- 43A. \*A CHESTNUT COLT, by Scottish Chief, out of Mandragora, foaled 16th March.
44. RADIANCE (1858) by Ratanaplan, out of Moonbeam, by Tomboy, out of Lunatic, by Prime Minister, served by Scottish Chief.
- 44A. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Scottish Chief, out of Radiance, foaled 28th February.
45. MURCIA (the dam of Segura), by Lord of the Isles out of Donna Sabina, by Don John; dam Sorella, by the Saddler, served by Citadel.
- 45A. A BROWN COLT, Vedette, out of Murcia, foaled 10th Feb.
46. MISS GRIMSTONE (1860), (the dam of Dunham Massey, &c.), by Stockwell, out of Miranda, by Lanercost; her dam Celia, by Touchstone, out of Anima, by Sultan, with a Chestnut Filly by Adventurer, and served by Scottish Chief, foaled 2nd April.
47. NIGHTSHADE (1870), by Saccharometer, out of Syntha, by Harkaway, out of Barbara, by Lanercost; grand-dam Buzzard, out of Donna Maria, by Partisan, with a Brown Filly by Scottish Chief, foaled 2nd April, and served by him again.
48. POTASH (1861) (dam of Lady Warren), by Voltigeur, dam Alkali, by Slane; dam Sea-Kale, by Camel, served by Cecrops.
49. PRECISE (1857), sister to Diophantus (and dam of Boquiter Regula, &c.), by Orlando, out of Equation, by Emilius; her dam Maria, by Whisker, served by Cecrops.
50. PULSATILLA, (1862) by Orlando, dam Muligrubs, by Melbourne; her dam Blue Devils, by Velocipede, served by Cardinal York.
51. QUEEN BEE (1857) (dam of Lord of the Valley, Lassoon and Kingsclere), by King Tom out of Clementina, by Venison, out of Cobweb, by Phantom, served by Adventurer.
52. YORK BELLE (1869), by Adventurer, out of Birthday, by Assault (the dam of the Pet), her dam Nitocris, by Whisker out of Manella, by Dick Andrews, served by Kingcraft.
53. RING DOVE (1870), by Lord Clifden, dam Vimera, by Voltigeur; her dam Coalition, by Don John, served by Scottish Chief.
54. \*REPULSE (1863) winner of the 1,000 Guineas and other races (dam of Levant), by Stockwell, dam Sortie, by Elourne, dam Escalade, by Touchstone; dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloon, served by Cardinal York.
- 54A. \*A BAY FILLY by Adventurer out of Repulse, foaled March 16.
55. RUPEE (1857), winner of the Ascot Gold Cup and other races (and dam of Lac, Happy Thought and Sweet Note), by the Nabob, out of Bravery, by Game Boy, served by Scottish Chief.
56. SCOTCH MIST (1873) by Lord Clifden, out of Maid of the Mist, by Flying Dutchman; her dam Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff; dam Sister to Fox, by Whisker, served by Vedette.
57. STOCKADE (1857) (dam of Polly Craven and Glacis), by Stockwell, dam Sortie, by Melbourne; dam Escalade, by Touchstone; dam Ghuznee, by Pantaloon, served by Cardinal York.
58. SWEET LUCY (1857) (dam of Julien, Brigadier, &c.), by Sweetmeat, out of Coquet, by Launcelot, served by Doncaster.
59. SUMMER'S EVE (1865) (dam of Amorosa and Roehampton), by Stockwell, out of Summerside winner of the Oaks), by West Australian, her dam Ellerdale, by Lanercost; grand-dam by Tomboy, out of Tesane, by Whisker, served by Cardinal York.
60. SISTER OF MERCY (1873), by Beadman, out of Madam Eglantine, by Cowly; her dam Diversion, by Deience, out of Folly, by Middleton, with a Chestnut Colt, by Scottish Chief, foaled 6th May, and served by him again.

61. VIOLET (1864) (dam of Lord Colney, Bedgown, Bay Wyndham) by Thormanby, dam Woodbine, by Stockwell; dam Honeysuckle, by Touchstone; dam Beeswing, by Dr. Syntax, served by Scottish Chief.
  - 61A. A Bay Colt, by Cecrops, out of Violet, foaled 16th February.
  62. VIRTUE (1865) (dam of Acteon and Grace), by Stockwell, dam Patience, by Lanercost; dam Billet-Doux, by Gladiator; dam Valentine, by Voltaire, served by Cardinal York.
  63. VEDETTE, by Voltigeur, dam by Birdcatcher; her dam Nan Darrell, by Inheritor out of Nell, by Blacklock.
  64. CECROPS, by Newcourt (by Sir Hercules) out of Caviara, by Longbow or Mountain Deer; her dam Calvavella, by Birdcatcher out of Caroline, by Drone.
  65. CITADEL, by Stockwell out of Sortie, by Melbourne; her dam Escalade, by Touchstone out of Ghuznee, by Pantaloon. This horse is entered for the £100 Prize at the Royal Agricultural Meeting, to be held at Liverpool on July 11 next.
  66. \*SCOTTISH CHIEF, by Lord of the Isles out of Miss Ann, by the Little Known; her dam Bay Missy, by Bay Middleton out of Camilla, by Phantom.
- \*\* The Yearlings will be sold at Newmarket in the July week.  
N.B.—Mr. Gee will reserve to himself the right of one bid to each lot with a star.  
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- WOODBINE, bay mare (late The Oaks) foaled 1868 by Solon out of Princess by King Dan—Emily by Pantaloon—Elizabeth by Mango; with a fine bay colt foal (Irish Lion) by Lord Lyon and served by him again.
- WORTHY, chestnut mare (foaled 1866) by Knowsley out of Woodside by Prime Minister; with a colt foal (British Lion, first foal) by Lord Lyon and served by him again.
- SONATA, bay mare (foaled 1870) by Costa out of Clotilde by Touchstone—Valentina by Velocipede—Jane by Moses; with a filly foal (Cadenza) by Lord Lyon, and served by him again.
- CURIOSITY, bay mare (foaled 1871) by Lord Clifden out of Dooha (by The Hermit); with a beautiful filly foal (Constantinople) by Lord Lyon, and served by him again.
- All the above mares are believed to be in foal again, and will be sold in one lot or separately.—Apply to Mr. E. TATTERSALL, Albert Gate.

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- The following Stakes close and name on Tuesday after Epsom Summer Meeting, June 5th:—
- FIRST DAY—THURSDAY.**
- The SURREY and MIDDLESEX STAKES (handicap) of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 sovs added; entrance, 2 sovs to the fund, the only liability if declared by noon on Tuesday in the Ascot week (June 12th); one mile and a quarter.
- The MANOR STAKES (handicap) of 100 sovs added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, 5 ft for three yrs old and upwards; one mile.
- The FLYING STAKES (handicap) of 10 sovs each, 3 ft to the fund, with 100 added; five furlongs.
- SECOND DAY—FRIDAY.**
- A WELTER CUP (handicap) of 100 guineas; gentlemen riders—jockeys 5lb extra; one mile.
- The CARDINAL WOLSEY STAKES (a high-weight handicap, lowest 7st) of 100 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, 3 ft; 5 furlongs.
- The CLARENCE PLATE (of 100 guineas (in lieu of the Queen's Plate); weight for age, with selling allowances; entrance, 2 sovs to the fund; one mile and a quarter.
- For detailed particulars vide Sheet Calendar.



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## NOTICE.

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**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** beg to give Notice that all lots at their Yearling and Thorough-bred Sales are expected to be paid for before delivery; and that if orders are given to their regular customers after a sale, it must be upon the understanding that they are to be paid for on the following Monday at Albert Gate.

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NOTICE—THURSDAY'S SALES.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** beg to give notice that their THURSDAY'S SALES have now COMMENCED, and will be CONTINUED THROUGHOUT THE SEASON. Horses on View. Catalogues ready every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.—ALBERT GATE, HYDE-PARK.

NOTICE.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S**  
 STALLS are ALL ENGAGED on MONDAYS and THURSDAYS till the 25th of JUNE.  
 Albert Gate, Hyde Park, April 21, 1877.

THURSDAY'S SALE.

**To be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on THURSDAY, May 31, without reserve, the property of R. Mansell Mansell, Esq., who is leaving England:

MECHANIC,  
 MARINER,  
 MELODY,  
 MILTON,

The above are the same team that worked into Oxford in the public coach last season.

**ANNUAL SALE OF THE MIDDLE PARK YEARLINGS.**

**To be SOLD by AUCTION** by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at MIDDLE PARK, Eltham, Kent, on SATURDAY, June the 2nd, 1877 (the Saturday in the Epsom week), at One o'clock, the following valuable YEARLINGS, with their Engagements (which will be given in the catalogues on the day of sale), and without reserve over 100 Guineas, at which price, if not bid, their owner claims the right of withholding them from sale.

A BAY COLT, by Rosicrucian, out of Bas Bleu (dam of Blue Gown, Cæreus, &c.), by Stockwell.  
 A BAY COLT, by Rosicrucian, out of Fenella, by Cambuscan, her dam La Favorite (dam of Flageolet, &c.).  
 A BAY COLT (brother to Ersilia), by Rosicrucian, out of Hilda (dam of Ursula, &c.), by Prime Minister.  
 A BROWN COLT, by Rosicrucian, out of Gentian, (dam of Wild Violet, Camomile, &c.).  
 A BAY COLT, by Rosicrucian, out of Gold Dust (dam of Onyx), by Newminster, her dam, Nugget, by Melbourne.  
 A BAY COLT, by Rosicrucian, out of Spellweaver (sister to Kildonan), by Newminster.  
 A BAY COLT by Rosicrucian, out of Francesca (dam of Berryfield and Lucy Sutton), by Newminster.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Rosicrucian, out of Zenobia (dam of Black Watch, &c.), by Nutbourne.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Rosicrucian, out of Pandore, by Newminster, her dam, Caller Ou, by Stockwell.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Rosicrucian, out of Anderida (sister to Kingcraft), by King Tom, her dam, Woodcraft, by Voltigeur.  
 A BROWN FILLY, by Rosicrucian, out of Gamos (dam of Cupid, and winner of Epsom Oaks), by Saunterer.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Rosicrucian out of Lucy Hylda, by Stockwell, her dam, Lady Hylda, by Newminster.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Rosicrucian, out of Miss Winkle, by Newminster.  
 A BLACK COLT, by Parmesan, out of Hibernica, by King Tom.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Parmesan out of Grand Duchess, by King Tom.  
 A BROWN FILLY, sister to The Mite, by Parmesan, out of Touch and Go (dam of Billy Pedder, Dulwich, &c.), by Touchstone.  
 A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Parmesan, out of Wild Beauty (sister to The Kake, and dam of Freshman, &c.).  
 A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Parmesan, out of Dora, by Weatherbit.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Parmesan, out of Mrs. Wolfe, by Newminster, her dam, Lady Tatton, by Sir Tatton Sykes.  
 A BAY COLT, by Blair Athol, out of Lady Di (dam of Annette, her first produce), by King John, her dam, Delight, by Birdcatcher, out of Extasy, by Touchstone.  
 A CHESTNUT COLT, by Blinkhoolie, out of Mavala, by Macaroni, her dam, Margaret of Anjou, by Touchstone.  
 A CHESTNUT COLT, by King o' the Forest, out of Duchess of St. Albans, by Prime Minister.  
 A BLACK COLT, by Victorious, out of Bessie (dam of Caution), by Autocrat, her dam Dora, by Bessus, granddam, Doralice (Speculum's dam).  
 A BLACK COLT, by Victorious, out of Peggy Dawdle, by Saunterer, her dam, Recluse (Bruce's dam).  
 A BAY COLT, by Victorious, out of Her Grace, by King Tom, her dam, Duchess, by Voltigeur, granddam, Bay Celia (dam of The Duke and The Earl), by Orlando.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Victorious, out of Modena, by Rataplan, her dam, Ferrara, by Orlando, granddam, Iodine, by Ion, her dam by Sir Hercules.  
 A BROWN FILLY, by Victorious, out of Kapunda, (dam of Lucerne), by Stockwell.  
 A BAY FILLY (sister to Miss Ethel), by Victorious, out of Princess (dam of King Victor).  
 A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Victorious, out of Seclusion (dam of Hermit), by Tadmor.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Victorious, out of Rinderpest (dam of Adina), by Alarm.  
 A BROWN COLT, by Vespasian, out of Entrem't (dam of Scotch Cake, Miss Nellie, &c.), by Sweetmeat.  
 A BROWN COLT, by Vespasian, out of Whinnie (dam of Whip), by Pelion.  
 A CHESTNUT COLT, by Vespasian, out of Wane-ton (dam of Post Horn, &c.).  
 A BROWN COLT, by Vespasian, out of Beeswing (dam of Florimel, &c.).  
 A BAY FILLY, by Vespasian, out of Sutte (dam of Bonfire, Lord Berners, &c.), by Weatherbit.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Vespasian, out of Roma (dam of Agricola), by Lambton.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Vespasian, out of La Traviata (dam of Violetta), by the Flying Dutchman.  
 A BAY COLT, by Saunterer, out of Ribbon, by Rataplan.  
 A BAY COLT, by Saunterer, out of Mother Carey's Chicken (dam of Cock-a-Hoop, &c.).  
 A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Saunterer out of Lemonade (dam of St. David, Father Matthew, &c.), by Leamington.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Saunterer, out of Chillum (dam of Victoire), by Thunderbolt.  
 A BLACK FILLY, by Saunterer, out of Excalibur, by Gladiator.  
 A BROWN FILLY, by Saunterer, out of Stock-dove, by Stockwell.  
 A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Saunterer or Typhoeus, out of Contract, by Cotherstone.

A BAY COLT, by Saunterer, out of Fleuriste, by West Australian.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Restitution, out of Little Coates, by Lambton.  
 A BAY COLT, by Brown Bread, out of West Kent, by North Lincoln.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Brown Bread, out of Lady Sophia, by Stockwell.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Brown Bread, out of Rosalie, (dam of Eclipse, &c.), by Wild Dayrell.  
 A BROWN FILLY, by Brown Bread, out of Miss Saurin, by Colsterdale.  
 A CHESTNUT COLT, by Toxophilite, out of May-pole, by Skirmisher.  
 A BAY COLT, by Toxophilite, out of Aline, by Claret.  
 A BAY FILLY, by Toxophilite, out of Brown Sugar, by Brown Bread.  
 A BROWN COLT, by D'Estournel, out of Creole (dam of Uncle Tom, Outpost, &c.), by Newminster.  
 A BROWN COLT, by D'Estournel, out of Conson (dam of Manifesto, &c.), by Lord of the Isles.  
 A BROWN COLT, by D'Estournel, out of Delight (dam of Fairweather, &c.), by Birdcatcher.  
 A BLACK FILLY, by D'Estournel, out of Electra (dam of Actea, Aboyne, &c.), by Touchstone.  
 A CHESTNUT FILLY, by D'Estournel, out of Czarna, by King Tom.  
 A BAY FILLY, by D'Estournel, out of Pitteri, by Prime Minister, her dam, Lurley, by Orlando.  
 A BROWN FILLY, by Vespasian or D'Estournel, out of Canzonette (dam of Tortoise).

In the event of unfavourable weather on the day of the Sale, ample accommodation will be provided for shelter.

Catalogues can be obtained of Messrs. Tattersall, Knightsbridge; or the Stud Groom, Middle Park, Eltham.

## ANNUAL SALE OF

## THE COTSWOLD HORSES.

**To be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, June 11, about TWENTY HORSES, which have been regularly hunted with the Cotswold Hounds, the property of A. Holme Sumner, Esq.

**To be SOLD by AUCTION** by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, June 11th, the following BROOD MARES and FOAL.

The property of Mr. Hinds.  
**THE HONOURABLE MISS ELLIS** (foaled 1868) by Loiterer out of the Slave (Lord Clifden's dam) by Melbourne—Volley by Voltaire, Martha Lynn by Mulatto; served by Merry Sunshine.  
**LADY JOHNSTONE** by Adventurer out of The Honourable Miss Ellis by Loiterer, &c., &c.; ran second in the Dee Stakes at Chester.  
 The property of Mr. Taylor Sharpe.  
**QUEEN BEE** (foaled 1869) (own sister to Mar-worth) by King Tom, her dam by Fernhill or Gleam out of Bomby Betty, with a colt by Suffolk (foaled May 16th); covered by Merry Sunshine. Merry Sunshine is own brother to Sunshine by Thormanby out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger). The first of his stock, now yearlings, are very fine and racing-like.  
 Also, the following well-bred Mares.  
 1. **CATERESS**, bay mare (foaled 1869) by Caterer out of Artless (winner of the Cesarewitch) by Archy—Idyl by Ithuriel—Eclogue by Emilius; served by Costa.  
 2. **ANNIE BLAND**, chestnut mare (foaled 1866) by King John out of Marseillaise by Bay Middleton—Triangle (sister to Pyrrhus the First) by Epirus—Fortress by Defence; served by Costa.  
 3. **LA FAYE**, brown mare (foaled 1870) by Man-at-Arms out of Mistra by Epirus—Rosa by Cain; served by Costa.  
 4. **SHERWOOD LASS**, bay mare (foaled 1871) (half-sister to Winslow) by Robin Hood out of Creslow by King Tom—Lady by Orlando; served by Costa.  
 5. **THE EMPRESS**, chestnut mare (1871) by Exchequer out of Odine (dam of Furley and Emilo) by Fitz-Gladiateur out of Pauline (dam of Fille de l'Air); served by Winslow.  
 6. **FLOUR OF SULPHUR**, brown mare (foaled 1872) by Brown Bread out of Sulphur (Ozone's dam) by Storm out of Gloomy by Bay Middleton; served by Cathedral.  
 7. **DELIGHTFUL**, bay mare (foaled 1872) by Marsyas out of Delight by Birdcatcher—Ecstasy by Touchstone; served by Cathedral.  
 8. **SCOTCH HAG**, bay mare (foaled 1869) by Blair Athol out of Hecate (sister to The Wizard) by W. Australian; served by Knight of St. Patrick.  
 9. **TINKLING CYMBAL**, chestnut mare (foaled 1871) by Kettledrum—Manuela by King of Trumps—Lady Hawthorn by Windhound—Lady Alice Hawthorn; served by Knight of St. Patrick.  
 10. **HER LADYSHIP**, bay mare (foaled 1872) by The Earl out of Lady Louisa by Flying Dutchman—Countess of Burlington by Touchstone; served by Knight of St. Patrick.  
 11. **THANKSGIVING**, bay mare (foaled 1872) by Cathedral out of Wyneck by Flying Dutchman; served by Tichborne.  
 12. **REFRESHMENT**, bay mare (foaled 1868) by Caterer out of Circe by Annandale—Calypso; served by Cock of the Walk.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** have received instructions from Mr. EDWARD BRAYLEY to SELL by AUCTION, without reserve, on Stockbridge Race Course, before the races, on Thursday, June 28, all his valuable BROOD MARES and FOALS, and the stallions MORNINGTON and MARINER.  
 Further particulars in future papers.

**To be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, June 4, the following high-class weight-carrying HORSES, which have all been carrying more than 16 stone, and are well known with the Atherstone, Pytchley, and Warwickshire Hounds, having been selected with great care and at high prices from the stables of some of the best dealers in the kingdom, the property of Albert Muntz, Esq., who sells annually:

1. **DAUNTLESS**, bay gelding, by Windhound, dam by M'Orville.  
 2. **GENEROUS**, chestnut gelding, by Welcome, dam by King Caradoc, granddam by Vaxley, great granddam by Redbank.  
 3. **MY HORSE**, bay gelding, by Pitfall, dam by Professor, granddam by Cato.  
 4. **WHITE LEGS**, brown gelding, by Wantage, dam by King of Diamonds.  
 5. **GREAT HEART**, bay gelding, by Lightning, dam by Harvey Birch, by Irish Birdcatcher.  
 6. **THE KING**, bay gelding, by Lundyfoot, dam by Kilbane (a son of Elvas), granddam by Mallett.  
 7. **GREY BEARD**, pedigree unknown.  
 8. **BLUESKIN**, pedigree unknown.

For Continuation of Horse Auctions see Page 255

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## THE STORY OF SOPHIE ARNOULD; AN EARLY FRENCH OPERATIC CELEBRITY.

BY A. H. WALL.

THOSE who remember the less stately, but more picturesque and far less cleanly, Paris which existed before that grand old city was improved, altered, and remodelled out of all knowledge of its ancient self by the late Emperor Napoleon, may readily enough recall to mind the Hôtel Ponthieu. It stood above the long-forgotten trenches which guarded the camp of those fierce besiegers, the warlike Normans of 886, in the Rue des Fosses, St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Adjoining it was the dingy dark street, which of old was the Jews' quarter, and the terrible old street of the gibbet; and it was also in close proximity to Notre Dame and the Isle de St. Louis—a locality of many memories, some deeply pathetic, some horribly tragic, some singular in contrast, others odd in coincidences.

To that ancient hotel, in that memorable locality, on the 23rd of August, 1572, came in grand state Charles IX., King of France, to visit his great Huguenot subject, the Admiral Coligny, whose life had been attempted by some hired assassin on the previous day. With the king came Catherine de Medicis, the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, and a splendid suite. History faithfully records the ominous words uttered by the king as he and his illustrious host were separating; "Ne vous émouvez pas, M. l'Amiral; si vous êtes blessé, moi, je sens la douleur de votre plaie, mais, parla mordieu, je vengerai cet outrage, qu'il en sera palé à jamais."

And the day following was that of the massacre of St. Bartholomew!

When Napoleon's new Rue de Rivoli swept away the stately Hôtel Ponthieu, with most of the old thoroughfares, amongst which it had stood so long, there arose upon the site of it a new café, all agleam with plate-glass, glowing with colour and gilding, flaming at night with gas, and named the Café de l'Amiral de Coligny. And so there were no more curious or shuddering visitors peering about the room in which shortly after that royal visit the Admiral was praying when his murderers rushed in upon him. The last of all such visitors had looked out of the lofty windows, with their little panes of glass, for the last time and remembered how from one of them, Bême, the German, threw out the still warm and bleeding body of the brave old martyr to the feet of the exulting Duke d'Angoulême, who after wiping the blood from the white face and grey hair to be satisfied of its identity, spurned the bruised and wounded body with his cowardly foot, and even, it is said, savagely trampled upon it before ordering it to be dragged through the streets to the gibbet, and there suspended by the heels.

But this old chamber had other famous memories. We leave that tragic exit from, to a very humble entrance on, the stage of life, made in that same room by one destined to become the boast of the Parisian operatic stage, the darling of royal, fashionable, and learned society in days which preceded more French massacres on the horrible old St. Bartholomew scale, undertaken not in the name of religion, but in one no less abused in its uses, that of liberty, executed by the order of a bloodthirsty people, instead of that of a bloodthirsty king. What's in a name?

In the year 1740 most of the ancient palaces of the old French nobility had endured sad reverses. Passing from the hands of the great families who had first erected and at last deserted them: passing through different stages of neglect and dilapidation, they had come down to be let out in apartments to tenants of the humbler kind, to artists in the obscurity of their early struggles, to third-rate actors and musicians, to manufacturers of artificial flowers, dress makers, dyers, modellers in plaster of Paris, clerks, mechanics, foreign-adventurers of a more or less questionable description, and people in the depths of poverty and difficulties. It was even so with the Hotel Ponthieu, then known as the Hotel Lizieux. The gay Parisians seldom care to recall sad memories or dwell upon deeds which disgraced their grand nation. Scarcely any of the few who read history could point out which of the ancient hotels that was which time had endowed with this terrible story of the death of Admiral Coligny, until Voltaire was said to have discovered it, and even he, with none to contradict him, pointed out the wrong one! It was long after Monsieur and Madame Arnould had converted the first floor of the Hotel Ponthieu, alias Lizieux, into a small family hotel, that the palace of Admiral Coligny, and the room in which he had been murdered, were carefully identified and afterwards well remembered as the hotel and room in which the great French operatic actress, Sophie Arnould, was born. Seven years after Sophie's birth, that same room was the studio of the celebrated painter, Vanloo, of the French Royal Academy.

The parents of Sophie Arnould grew very proud of their sharp-witted pretty little daughter, and to give her charms of mind and person all possible chance of development, masters for music and dancing (the child having a voice of remarkable sweetness) were engaged for her, under whose tuition she made rapid and astonishing progress. Delighted with their darling's beauty and accomplishments, and with all who extolled them, the poor parents forgot or failed to perceive that the child's vanity was constantly being fed, while all that petting and flattery could do to spoil her was being done. To be praised, to exhibit her charms of voice and person, seemed to the beautiful child the sole aim of her existence. She believed that it was her mission to enchant the world with witchery of voice and person, and gave herself up enthusiastically to the belief. When she was twelve years of age she was taken by her proud mother to sing at the Convent Val de Grace. One evening at vespers, the Princess of Modena was present. This great lady, noting with heartfelt pleasure one pure young voice beautiful above all the others, desired to see its owner, and the girl was brought to her. Unabashed by the presence of a princess, Sophie sang like a nightingale, until the grand dame exclaimed, "My beautiful child, you have the voice of an angel! Your fortune is made." I can imagine the return home after that memorable visit, the sprightly, coquettish, little French girl dancing proudly to and fro in her exultation, wearing the costly necklace presented to her by the Princess. The poor family hotel-keeper's wife, walking slowly, silent, and perplexed, in deep thought, with a new light dawning sadly in her anxious mind, revealing vain regrets and a vague fear which came all too late. And those regrets were strengthened, and that vague fear took definite form, when very soon after the intendant of the Royal Chapel came in his carriage to fetch Sophie Arnould to sing at the palace of the Marquise de Pompadour. The Marquise was a great court lady of refined taste and immense power, mistress to the king, and we all know what he was as also did Madame Arnould. Who does not glow with indignation, even now, to remember that terrible beauty, and that other mistress of "Louis, the Well-Beloved," the shameless and profligate Madame du Barri, who had been from her childhood a common courtesan, the directress of the royal seraglio, of whose horribly licentious doings every mother of daughters in France had heard with terror, at whose shameless and repulsive licentiousness every modest Frenchwoman had hotly blushed. To that vile woman how many obscure but peaceable and respectable families owed the degradation and ruin of those who were their fairest and dearest. It was Madame du Barri's emissaries who seduced and trained for the *Parc aux Cerfs* (the Hermitage of Versailles) children as young and younger than

Sophie to minister awhile to the depraved appetites and palled senses of her royal keeper, and be afterwards abandoned to the utter degradation, misery, and starvation of the public streets! To this court went Sophie, and from that day she grew famous.

The director of the opera came and urged Sophie to study for the stage, assuring the poor, fond, proud, sad mother that "Every heart in France would beat joyously at hearing her daughter's divine voice." Now both Sophie and her mother knew well, as we who read history now know, what the French stage was in those days, when the insatiably licentious Duke de Richelieu's proudest title was "le sultan des coulisses" (the sultan of the green-room) and even a royal lady, the young and beautiful Duchesse de Berri, had willingly assisted her father in organising and assisting at theatrical performances in which the ladies of the Opera danced and sang without a particle of clothing upon them.

"To go to the Opera," said Sophie, "is to go to the devil," but she added with a sigh, "what matters—it must be—it is my fate!"

But the loving mother, who with many another honest citizen's wife had long regarded the vices of these noble hereditary rulers with horror, was wrought into a pitch of agony and desperation by these words, and crying "It is not to the Opera, but to a convent you shall go!" straightway locked her daughter in her bedroom, feeling inclined perhaps, like a frenzied female Virginus, to preserve her daughter's purity even at the expense of her life, but lacking Roman firmness to realize the wish. For in those "gallant" days (called an age of gallantry) not even the convent could protect the virtue of a beautiful girl upon whom royalty had once looked with eyes of desire, as poor Madame Arnould too well knew.

Sophie was right: to go to the Opera was her fate. In a few days came a warrant signed by the King, which carried the child from her mother's arms to be put in training for the stage. Those were the days of the *lettre de cachet*, and so although poor Madame Arnould might in secret weep and sob and curse the natural vanity which had induced her to display her daughter's charms and accomplishments to such advantage, aloud she dared not complain.

Clara Josepha de la tude Clairon was then in the height of her fame as a great actress. She was the mistress of the Margrave of Anspach. It was she, you may remember, who when our Garrick visited Paris in 1765 entered into friendly contest with him at a private party whereupon the French, with national politeness, gave the palm to the English player; and the English, not to be outdone in that way, awarded it to Mademoiselle, who on that occasion expressed her admiration of the Englishman's power of expressing intense grief by vigorously hugging and kissing him, to the astonishment and, doubtless, indignation of poor Mrs. Garrick, who had not been used to such freedoms in even the best English society. To this ardent and impulsive tragedienne was the delighted Sophie introduced as her future instructress in the noble art of playing, the training and development of her voice being at the same time entrusted to an eminent musical teacher, Mdlle. Fel.

Sophie Arnould made her début at the Académie Royale de Musique on the 15th of September, 1757. Both her acting and singing were pronounced inimitable by the great and severe critics of the parterre and Café de Foy. In a fortnight she was the idol of all Paris. The Opera was at that time within the limits of the Palais Royal, amidst its ancient gardens, laid out according to the designs of Sieur Desgots, with formal shaped flower-beds and formal rows of cleft trees, formal stone fountains, arbours, and famous but equally formal alleys of Linden trees. These gardens were filled with the admiring crowds, overflowing from the densely-packed opera-house every night when Sophie Arnould played and sang. Fréron walking into them to see these crowds—in themselves an attractive sight, for all the great ones of Paris were there—said he doubted if French people would give themselves half as much trouble to get into Paradise as they did to get into the Opera when Sophie Arnould sang.

(To be continued.)

## OLD SMITHFIELD HORSE MARKET.

Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a queane, a knave, and a jade.—*Ancient Proverb.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF—Where's Bardolph?  
PAGE—He's gone to Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.  
FALSTAFF—I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield; an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.  
*Shakespeare—Henry IV., Second Part. Act I, Scene 2.*

Five or six hundred years ago, when the City of London was shut in by huge thick walls, having strong carefully-guarded gates, and encircling those walls, the further protection of a deep wide ditch, or moat, there was, says one who then lived—Fitzstephen—without the City gates, and even in the very suburbs, a certain Smooth-field, such both in reality and name, where every Friday, unless it should be a solemn festival, there was a market for fine horses, whither came, to look, or to buy, earls, barons, knights and a swarm of citizens. There were prancers, draught horses, hacks, and charging steeds, the last-named being those used as racehorses. There could be found a trotting horse for an esquire, or an ambling horse worthy to be a knight's gift to a lady. Noble and right pleasant is the scene thus suggested, and most unlike our drawing of that same Smooth-field on a more recent Friday (when it was known as Smithfield), made after Alken's picture, beside which we should much like to see it, but which lacking let our fancy fall to work.

Imagine then a Friday at the horse-market on that same Smooth-field. See the sport-loving, vigorous, high-born ladies and warlike gentlemen, Fitzstephen saw, in their gay and picturesque costumes of silk and velvet, adorned with costly furs, gold, silver, and rudely set precious stones, riding side by side on their gaily adorned tall steeds and ambling palfreys. See the flash and gleam of polished arms and armour—the grave solemn-faced figures of the monks from the Priory of St. Bartholomew—the priest lawyers—the soberly-clad citizens with their sight-loving wives and daughters, smart but homely in attire according to law—the sturdy forester, and the archer with his long bow, short sword and small round nail-studded buckler: merchants seeking strong limbed hacks for carrying their packs, wandering pedlars displaying and extolling their wares, gleemen and maidens, full of coarse chaff and merry jests, jockeys or tumblers and gymnasts encircled by admiring spectators, saucy turbulent 'prentice lads, the dread of all peace-loving citizens, with not a few dirty mendicant friars, and loathsome filthy beggars, and troops of boisterous ruffianly brawlers from Southwark, whom the arm and armour bearing watchmen, or beadles, regard with sternly observant eyes but no little dread, altho' close by, grim and ghastly, stands the warning gibbet.

The main attraction of a Friday in olden Smithfield is however the horses. And here they muster in strong force. Yonder are famous Flemish war-steeds, heavy looking and comparatively slight of limb, but with magnificent crests, broad chests, small heads and rounded barrels, wonderfully strong and far more swift in action than the uninitiated would suppose. There are the fair ladies' horses, the sprightly little good-tempered Spanish jennets, courageous as lions and nimble as goats. Here we have those most famous war-horses of proud Norman origin—they came in with the Conqueror—unsurpassed in strength and speed, some

varying in appearance and qualities from mixture with French and Spanish breeds, but all noble steeds, and in great demand. British horses are here, small but strong, the horses which Cæsar described and, in the scythe-armed chariots of the natives, so greatly dreaded. An old Saxon king, the first great sporting man of England, was the first to improve this ancient breed, and here we see the result in something resembling the modern cob or galloway. There is a great crowd yonder where a genuine Arab, the property of a crusader, is for sale, and not a little amusing are the little horses from Wales, and the rough looking ponies from Devonshire or the New Forest, with here and there a shaggy Shetland.

And beyond these picturesque groups, under the ancient elms abounding in this smooth field, is a glorious background of field and meadow, garden ground and wild, open country, a great stretch of moor-land, a broad sheet of sky-reflecting water—"the horse pool"—with a church and some thatched huts and cottages beside it, numerous ponds and running brooks and glittering streams, with many a clacking old mill, leading the eye to where a dark mass of woodland—the ancient forest of Middlesex—shuts in the view. There stags and bucks, boars and wild bulls abound, and in its gloomier thickets are men more savage and wild than the bulls, of whom oh! such horrible stories are told by the winter firesides of London's prosperous citizens.

Such was the old horse market of London, where our world-famous English horse-races doubtless had their earliest origin. Turn we our fancy's eye to yet another picture of old Smithfield Horse-market as it was about the time when Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were amongst the living.

It is sadly less picturesque. The background of moor-land and forest has gone, the grass has all gone, and the elm trees have all been cut down. In wet weather the mud is knee-deep, and the great old pond is confined to a much smaller space, and enclosed with bricks. Narrow lanes, with top-heavy houses, are where the pretty gardens were, brewhouses and inns, "fair and comely buildings" of the period, have covered the vast, smooth field on the western side, lamentably reducing the spacious area of the old market-place now guarded by rails and posts, and barely three acres in extent—a mere dwarf compared with its former nobler self. The old racecourse is altogether built over, and forgotten. But the crowd is there, far larger, and much more dense, but here no longer are the fair dames, and noble knights. The horses are those reared and trained by cunning, unscrupulous horse coursers, and sold by dealers who are deep in the mysteries of a trade which delights in trickery and swindling. The part of Smithfield—it is, alas! no longer Smooth; very, very far from it—set aside for the sale of horses is the foulest of the foul. Master Daniel Knockem Jordon, he whom Ben Jonson depicts in his play, and Shakespeare had in view when Falstaff's steed was bought, is here calling himself Captain Jordan, a captain of rovers, a bully, in sword, boot, and feather, who fills up idle time as a cut-purse and dog-stealer, who swears frightfully at the Clerk of the Market when he demands his toll, and is the cruellest tyrant to the poor, degraded, trembling, religious, legal, and social outcasts, women and girls, who ply their evil trade in the market-place. The Southwark roughs, clashing sword and buckler to terrify the fearful, are here in stronger force than they were; the pedlars are still here, and are far more numerous; the gymnasts and tumblers and ballad singers are here also; and the earliest play-actors and play-writers are performing on rude stages erected in the open air, close to the old Priory gate, and there are numerous stalls, and from the great crowd rises a continuous roar of voices.

In the year 1685 Smithfield was drained and paved—its importance as a market-place increasing, it was afterwards enlarged to four and a half acres, and soon after, when it was no longer outside, but in the very heart of London, being again too small, about two acres more were added to it, and then the City proudly boasted that their's was the largest market-place in the world. A pretty place to be proud of truly! "Smithfield Market on a foggy rainy morning; some twenty-five years ago (said Aleph), was a sight to be remembered by any who had ventured through it. It might be called a feat of clever agility to get across Smithfield on such a greasy muddy day, without slipping down, or without being knocked over by one of the poor frightened and half-mad cattle toiling through it. The noise was deafening. The bellowing and lowing of cattle, squeaking of pigs, the shouts of the drovers, and the shrieks of some unfortunate females who had got amongst the unruly frightened cattle could not be forgotten. The long narrow lanes of pavement that crossed the wider part of the market opposite the hospital, were always lined with cattle, as close together as they could stand, their heads tied to the rails on either side of the scanty pathway, when the long horns of the Spanish breeds sticking across towards the other side, made it far from a pleasant experience for a nervous man to venture along one of these narrow lanes, albeit the most direct way to the open market. If the day was foggy (and there were more foggy days then than now) then the glaring lights of the drover boy's torches added to the wild confusion without dispelling much of the gloom." The mud was ankle deep, and the foggy air filled with "a thick steam perpetually arising from the reeking bodies of the cattle. Here countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers and vagabonds of every low grade were mingled together in a dense mass. The whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the cries of hawkers, ringing of bells, shouts, oaths, and quarrelling, blended with the noises already enumerated. The public-houses were crammed, and their visitors returning to the market and pushing through the crowd, added to its hideous din, their howling, yelling, and whooping as they shouldered and kicked and beat their way. It was such a sight as we shall never see again, and never again want to see, it was that of which Alken's picture gives us a nook only, and that the quietest of the whole, in a part of the market by old custom devoted to the Friday horse sales.

It is surely unnecessary, in calling attention to Alken's clever picture, to remark that the leading equine actor therein is a worn-out creak of the most pitiable description. The cleverest coper that ever hauled from Yorkshire, the astutest Romany that ever exercised his art with a view to profit at Barnet Fair, would vainly essay to "make up" such a dilapidated frame into a viewly bit of horseflesh. His race is run. Almost every ailment that flesh is heir to he is seized and possessed of, and as we look at him we find ourselves hoping that the day is not far distant when the friendly bullet shall put an end to his existence. Twenty or thirty years since such creatures, biped and quadruped, were to be seen in the neighbourhood so graphically delineated by Alken, and to-day it is by no means impossible to meet with descendants of the race on some of "the Northern Heights of London." We are indebted to Captain Fitzgerald, who owns the original picture, for permission to copy.

THE second target meeting of the Bath Archers was held on Thursday, May 17. The morning was very wet and stormy, and there was a small attendance. The ladies' highest score (200, with 41 hits) was made by Mrs. Eyre Hussey. The gentlemen's highest score was made by Mr. Eyre Hussey (172, with 44 hits).

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## HEATHERTHORP.

## A SPORTING STORY.

By BYRON WEBBER.

## CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

One person in the "crowded and delighted audience" (*vide* local journal) which that night thronged the drill-shed of the Stokesbro' volunteers listened to the laudatory observations of the president with an air of stolid indifference that, it is to be feared, betrayed a lamentable want of faith in the indomitable valour of our British volunteers—huzza! our British volunteers. By-and-by the Professor gracefully took possession of "the roped arena" (as the ornate chroniclers of the Ring of Other Days have it), and then Crisp awoke from his apathy. Not that he thought a mighty great deal of many of the Professor's feats of strength and dexterity. He was dubious of the genuineness of some of them; suspected, in his over-wise Yorkshire way, there was more in them than met the eye. Tremendous Tweddell, broadsword in hand, severed the broomstick of domesticity at a single blow; Cœur-de-leonine Tweddell, similarly armed, made mince-meat of a bar of lead; unturbaned yet Eastern Tweddell (place of nativity Hoxton) cleft in twain a happle placed on the human 'and, ladies and gentlemen, without so much as grazing the skin (of the 'and); nevertheless, Crisp remained imperturbable. But when the Professor put forth his strength to the utmost, and at a blow cut the carcass of a Roseberry Topping tup neatly in twain, Mat joined in the plaudits. There was no mistake about that!

Crisp rubbed his sinewy hands together with an appearance of keen relish, and eagerly moved to the 'edge of his seat, as the Professor, advancing to the front of the stage, begged leave to announce, while thanking his generous patrons from the bottom of his 'art for the overwhelming ovation they had bestowed upon him, that the entertainment would conclude, as stated in the programme, with a series of sparring matches. The combats duly commenced, and, according to his wont, Crisp spared not his criticisms. These were occasionally of a sweeping character, and by the time the second conqueror was made happy by the reward of merit—a Britannia metal teapot—the old fellow had attracted the notice of the entire audience.

Again the Professor advanced to the front. He had had considerable experience of sparring, he said, but he could assure them that he had never seen so much science amongst a party of amateurs as he had seen that evening. (The applause at this point was simply terrific.) The next set-to, for veterans of not less than fifty years of age, would conclude the entertainment. He hoped—in fact he was sure—the old 'uns would not be backward in coming forward to show the young 'uns how to handle the leather.—The Professor paused for a practical answer to his appeal, but it came not.—Resuming, he said he felt surprised. After what they had already seen, too! Were they going to allow him to return to London under the impression that the veterans of Stokesbro' had shown the white feather? (No! no!) Where was last year's winner of the prize?

Loud cries of "Sergeant Cattaws! Cattaws!" put a sudden stop to the Professor's insinuating eloquence. Urged thereto by the intoxicating influence of public applause, the gallant sergeant at once joined the Professor, and the Professor patted the gallant sergeant encouragingly on the back.

Said the strongest man in the world—"Now, my bold veterans! now's the time to show what you are made of. Come where glory waits you! Who'll put on the gloves to the sergeant?"

"ME!" shouted Crisp. He had "fidgeted fu' fain" during the whole of the Professor's address, and it was a relief to his overburdened soul to speak.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Professor. "I knew we should get on at last. We only wanted time. But we must not break the rules. I can't say I know this gentleman, but he may be a professional in disguise. Who'll speak for him?"

Crisp's heart sank within him as he mounted the stage. If he were to be disappointed after all!

"I know him to be an amateur," said somebody in the reserved seats. It was Woodridge. Crisp thought—well, come; since Mr. Arthur and he are friends he'll see that I have fair play; and that's all I want. He smiled and nodded his thanks to Reginald, and amid the cheers of excited spectators, straightway proceeded to equip for the fray.

The old man felt vicious. As he removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves, he, cool as an iceberg, quietly looked over his opponent, and, thought to himself, he's younger and may be livelier on his pins than me, but he's a bit puffy. I shall beat him for condition. Crisp chose the smallest and hardest pair of gloves in the Professor's collection—he meant to mark his opponent if he could—and, the finishing touches having been put to his toilet by the attentive Tweddell, the two combatants shook gloves and "spared for an opening."

"Sergeant Cattaws and a friend," exclaimed the Professor.

Crisp showed a good deal of craft in his mode of manipulation even at the outset. He felt his way. Presently it became evident to Crisp's observant eye that the sergeant only wanted encouragement in order to lay himself open to a visitation on that particular portion of the body known as the mark. He forgot not that his adversary was puffy, and—was dead on the mark! He waited and waited with much patience and no show, until the gallant sergeant, actuated by a laudable desire to make short work of the affair, came on and endeavoured to force the fighting. His friends applauded, but they applauded too soon. Crisp feinted once,—twice,—the sergeant greedily swallowed the bait, and the next instant was sent spinning into the Professor's arms by a blow, which Crisp had deeply planted upon his most vulnerable part.

Mat grinned as he watched the effect of this broadside, and as the whilom umpire came on again, blowing stertorously, he—the moment appeared so propitious!—could not forbear saying—"How's that, umpire?"

From that moment the battle was won. Sergeant Cattaws, who had hitherto regarded Crisp as a perfect stranger, now remembered him, and—lost his temper. In vain he danced about the roped arena with the view of peppering his ancient assailant all round. Crisp, cool and full of mischief, lost no opportunity of punishing, but he good-naturedly permitted the gallant sergeant to make his own running until the final round. Maddened by the titters of the audience, and the taunts of his adversary, the gallant sergeant went to work in wildly unscientific earnest. Nothing could have suited Crisp better. His answer was just as earnest, but more grim and direct. He did not fight the wind. The combat ceased to be a sparring match, simply, and became a glove fight. It ended, Crisp having viciously made the most of the smaller and harder gloves, in the ignominious defeat of the gallant Cattaws—bearing upon his countenance sundry ecchymose and sanguineous signs of Crisp's vigorous handiwork.

He had avenged the cricket-match, won a copper kettle, and earned the hearty approbation of Reginald Woodridge. He was happy.

## CHAPTER XVI.

NARRATES AS MANY OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE LEADING CHARACTERS AS, IN THE OPINION OF THE CHRONICLER, WERE CONSIDERED SUFFICIENT TO FULFIL THE REQUIREMENTS OF A FINAL CHAPTER.

WOODRIDGE went his way, and Miss Vandervelde went hers. He to resume the command of a numerous army of the blasters, puddlers, and shinglers of Cleveland ore; she to serenely supersede her indulgent parents in the command of their English home at Saltbrook. Sylvia, thanks to the posthumous bounty of a rich aunt, was a splendid prize in the matrimonial lottery, although Woodridge, to do him justice, was unaware of it; and in virtue of that peculiar independence of character which comes of a satisfactory balance at the bankers (independence of character glorified of the poets is a rare plant indeed), she did pretty much as she pleased. It accorded with her present mood to abide for a brief season at Saltbrook. She was going to spend Christmas in Germany—the home of her youth: going thither, feeling more quietly happy at heart than she had felt for many a day. Hitherto her enjoyment of life had seemed keen and real enough; but, alas, much of it had been merely seeming! Now, it came into the mind of Woodridge after Sylvia and he had seen the doctor and his bride off by the train, to "improve the occasion," so without warning, note, or preface of any kind, he plunged into an interview with the lady he once jilted, touching a subject that he vowed had become one of life or death to him! The *tête-à-tête* began boisterously, like the blustering month of the adage; and terminated—especially on the lady's part—just as gently. Benedick and Beatrice to begin with: almost Romeo and Juliet at the close! Then they went their way.

During the month next ensuing, as Albrecht Vandervelde, now making believe to read for the law, would have expressed it, she suddenly developed an extraordinary interest in the conchology and marine botany of the Yorkshire coast. Her flaxen-bearded brother could not make it out. He asked Woodridge—who occasionally, not to say frequently, accompanied Sylvia, in her search after the common objects of the sea shore—if he could make it out; but Reginald gravely replied that he could not. Then, as a last resource, he applied to the heads of the house of Vandervelde for information, but they were as much in the dark as he. They had their suspicions (at least Mrs. Vandervelde had her suspicions), but— The truth is, papa and mamma rather feared their imperious-willed daughter, and that feeling operated in keeping back a revelation which would doubtless have astonished Mr. Albrecht Vandervelde not a little. Unfortunately for the satisfaction of his laudable thirst for information, Albrecht was not curious in fine gold and precious stones, or he might have made something out of a pretty ring of pearls and a turquoise that twinkled upon the fourth finger of her right hand as he—and Woodridge—saw her safely bestowed on board the Hamburg steamer.

"The moon—so called—of honey" beamed with correct serenity upon the Doctor and his bonny bride, albeit 'twas a November orb and a watery. What did it matter? Had they known (which of course they did not) that the fogs that season were denser and browner, more noisome, and more numerous than London had gasped its way through for a considerable period, it would have been all the same. London was a Venice of unreality to them! "The moon—so called—of honey" shed its bewitching glamour over the murky, muddy metropolis, and turned it into a city of enchantment.

For a time. Before they returned to London an unwelcome shadow crept over the placid disc, bringing to Kate much uneasiness. They had been about three weeks in London. By the fireside of one of their cosy rooms in Bloomsbury sat she, book in hand, endeavouring with but sorry success to while away the hour before luncheon-time, uncheered by the Doctor, who had "just stepped up to Bart's" to see one of his old friends, and was now unpardonably overdue. He ought to have been back at least half an hour before.

Mrs. Sutton was rapidly outgrowing the moon of honey. She was decidedly and matrimonially impatient. Presently she heard his step on the stair. He entered.

"Oh? Arthur, where have you been? You can't imagine how uneasy you have made me by your long absence."

"Can't I though? Let me tell you, Katey darling, that my imagination is singularly powerful. And so you were uneasy? Knowing how incapable I am of taking care of myself, eh? But, there! I am to blame, I admit it. Hush! not a syllable. Please to sit down here—a little closer—yes, that will do; give me the book: and now, with all convenient speed, prove to your husband and most attentive medical adviser that his provoking neglect has not spoiled your appetite: while I tell you some news."

He spoke the last few words with a gravity that scarcely harmonized with the gay tone of his earlier observations. His wife, forgetting her momentary feeling of annoyance at his inexplicable absence, said, quickly—"News, Arthur; what news?"

"I will tell you. I remained but a short time at Bart's. All the fellows there were strangers to me, of course, and old Wilmer is out of town. Very well. I was coming back—but, my dear, you do not eat. It's nothing that need affect your appetite, believe me—direct to you, Kate, when who should I run against but Emsden King, Sir Harry Sursingle's gamekeeper. He's a good sort of fellow, my dear, besides being a useful cricketer and a rattling good judge of a horse, so I stopped to have a chat. After the preliminaries—I disposed of the weather and he sent his best respects to Mrs. Doctor Sutton—he said, 'Doctor, I would not mind betting you a monkey to a mouthful of hay that you could not guess in a hundred times what's brought me up from Yorkshire.' Naturally, not wishing to entertain the wager, long as the odds were, I replied 'Sir Harry.' He said, 'No, Doctor; that's only partly the reason. He gave me leave to come, it's true, but, what do you think? It was to buy some hunters for Squire Wilson—'

"For papa!"

"Yes, my dear. What do you think of that? I was as much surprised as yourself. I won't bore you with a repetition of King's exact words, but it is evident from what I got out of him—after a good deal of trouble, mind you, for he was only communicative up to a certain point—and I soon saw that he was keeping something back: it is evident, my darling, that your esteemed father is about to make a confounded ass of himself."

"Arthur!"

"Listen. Sir Harry Sursingle has taken him in hand—or, rather, Lady Sursingle. That's bad enough; but Lady Sursingle has a sister, who happens to be a widow—that's worse."

"Oh, Arthur, I see it all now! Poor silly papa! I have met Lady Sursingle's sister, a Mrs. Mountroseberry. They used to call me a Di Vernon and a Lady Gay Spanker, Arthur, because I occasionally managed to keep up with The Heatherthorp—without grief: but she! I a Lady Spanker indeed? You should see her."

"I know the sort of animal. Riding-habit and horseflesh on the brain. A blowzed visage, a manly relish for the substantialities of the breakfast of the season, a pleasing aptness at gulping jumping powder, a martial voice, and the devil-and-all of a will."

"I never saw such an horsewoman, Arthur."

"Oh, I know. Straight as a gun-barrel across country: dodgy as a patriarchal fox in the drawing-room."

"Poor papa!"

"You may say that, my darling. Well, if I am to believe old King, your papa is as neatly entangled in her toils as it is possible

for him to be, considering the time she has had him in hand. Is she young?"

"The youngest of the family, I believe; how young I cannot say." "Mr. Wilson has become a subscriber to the Heatherthorp. Emsden King has a commission to purchase him half-a-dozen hunters—think of that, Kate!—and has been dancing attendance at Tattersall's in the old gentleman's behalf ever since he came to town. There is a sale at the Gate to-day, and the old boy was on his way thither when we met. Oh, he tells me the infatuated old gentleman has been in the Row daily—in charge of the dashing young widow—who has never been known, King says, to conduct herself so soberly in the pigskin in her blessed life. They are off to Brighton in the course of a few days—I mean the Sursingles—and your papa joins the party. King has heard—and this completes my budget of news—that there are to be no end of festivities at Wimpledale Place at Christmas."

Kate sighed and said nothing. She thought of the previous Christmas, and happy though she was in the love of her husband, who, she fervently vowed, was worth ten thousand foolish fathers, she could scarcely forbear a momentary feeling of regret. Then she tried to scan the future. Whatever prospect there might have been of reconciliation, had disappeared with the entrance upon the scene of this dreadful widow. It was evident that the Squire, at once pig-headed and persevering, was about to revenge himself on Doctor Sutton, and therefore on his own daughter, by deliberately contracting a second marriage with a crafty adventuress. Mrs. Mountroseberry would not fail to take care of herself before she bestowed her name on Timothy Wilson, Esquire; and, Kate felt, "When she is Mrs. Wilson, she will take care of poor me into the bargain. Farewell to all expectations, henceforward I must endeavour to be content with the position of a country doctor's wife." Sutton, in a blunt sort of way, read what was passing in his wife's mind, but, like a wise man, he spoke not. The trouble that had come upon her—it was scarcely a trouble at all to him—would wear itself out. And then (but this he put into words), who knew? Drawing her to him affectionately, he whispered—"Never mind, darling; besides, who knows, we may prevent it yet."

"The moon—so called—of honey" was nearly free from cloud when they once more turned their faces towards Heatherthorp. The "home again" idea was so enchanting, Kate could neither think nor talk of anything else. Her absurdly angry father might make a gratuitous martyr of himself, and disinherit her for ought she cared. Was she not going home?

If she yet harboured a doubt of the perfect prudence of her runaway marriage, the first day "at home" to her husband's friends for ever put it to flight. Their spontaneous testimonies to his worth were very different from the meaningless good wishes which in society pass current for friendship's sterling coin. This much for his friends. Several of the poorer sort of his patients, who valiantly ventured on an awkward audience with the Doctor's good lady, were quite emotional in their expressions of esteem. Yet Kate found some of those wedding visits rather trying. For example, Barjona was pleased to consider it incumbent on him to call and give her a few words of advice. The disagreement which had occurred between her husband and himself should—he promised himself—in no wise interfere with his pious intentions. He would certainly see Doctor Sutton and tell him that he (Barjona) meant to pay Mrs. Sutton a visit.

"We have had our differences, my young friend; but we must 'forget and forgive,' thou knows."

"A sweet and commendable maxim, Mr. Barjona; but I fail to see its present application," equally replied the Doctor. They had just met about a stone's throw of Halcyon Cottage three days after Sutton's return to Heatherthorp. "It does not seem to me that I have anything to forget or forgive either. You were impertinent, Mr. Barjona, and I told you I would not have it."

"Well, well," replied the Quaker, in a tone which changed curiously from the testy to the lachrymose, "I am moved to forget and forgive, if thou art not. It was thy wife—"

"What of her?" asked Arthur hotly.

"Nothing but well,—assuredly nothing but well," replied the Quaker, with a gentle deprecatory movement of his hands. "Thou has done wisely to enter the matrimonial state. I have been sorely exercised about thee and thine lately; but I trust thy helpmeet will keep thee in the straight path: see to thy goings out and comings in, and, above all, prevent thy mingling with those carnal-minded whose minds are given to what is called sport."

"Hadn't you better call and acquaint Mrs. Sutton with your views?" said the Doctor, smiling, as he shook up the mare and prepared to resume his amble.

"Such was my intention—with thy permission," quietly replied Barjona. "Wilt thou, therefore, inform her that she may expect me on third-day morning, at eleven?"

"The devil she may!" muttered the Doctor, as Barjona entered Halcyon Cottage. "Of all the cool cards I ever knew, this member of the Society of Friends is the coolest. Ha, ha! I must prepare Kate for this call. She shall charm him, as those Indian jugglers charm snakes. In these days of struggling, when wives who were heiresses are cut off with a shilling, it behoves one to look out. Very good, Mr. Nathan Barjona. You shall be received, I promise you. It won't do to lose a patient. Such a constitution as his, and such a splendid determination to spoil it, are not met with every day."

Kate, having had her cue, listened to the Quaker's homily with awful seriousness. There was not so much as a twinkle in her hazel eyes to betray her high enjoyment of the joke. She even went the length of promising to do her utmost to restrain the Doctor from participating in the diversions Barjona so sternly deprecated. It would be her especial aim, she said, to prevent his ever appearing on a race-course again. Yet she feared she could not promise herself much success.

Barjona was delighted—fooled to the top of his bent. She was not to weary in well-doing, he said. It was wisely given to wives to exercise much influence over their husbands.

He rose to take his departure, and as she did so it occurred to Kate that she might just as well make him uncomfortable as not, by way of punishing him for his meddling.

"Young men are so headstrong, Mr. Barjona; but I am sure I shall only be too happy to keep Arthur at home *always*. But he is so fond of hunting. And, indeed, when we see instances—you must yourself have known such—of men much older than Arthur taking lessons in horsemanship and actually endangering their lives by following the hounds—we cannot wonder at young men; now can we, Mr. Barjona?"

"No—no—that is—of course, there is something to be said on that point," replied Barjona, becoming very red in the face; "but I must be going."

His flight to the door was accompanied by a subdued ripple of merriment. But it is too true that "our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught." She was yet glowing with the success of her mischievous sally when it suddenly occurred to her that had Barjona been so minded he might have said something exceedingly painful by way of rejoinder.

"Old gentlemen—lessons in horsemanship—following hounds," she muttered. "I might have been thinking of papa. I wonder if that horrid person will succeed in her endeavours to entrap him. I suppose it is wicked to cherish such thoughts, but I *should* like him to be punished a little for his folly—and injustice to poor dear Arthur. If Sylvia were only here!"

(To be continued.)



BEYOND THE BATTLE-FIRES.

Love, now you are far away  
And the night is nigh the morn,  
And the wint'ry breezes play  
In the boughs of leaves forlorn,  
Voices whisper at the door,  
"You shall see her nevermore."

What the breezes say I know :—  
They have come from where you dwell,  
They, moist messengers of woe,  
Unto vacant darkness tell  
How they watched you as you lay  
Waiting for the break of day.

They have pressed against the pane ;  
They have seen your unlit eyes  
That for ever will remain,  
Unsunned voids of rayless skies ;  
They heard not your gentle breath,—  
At the dark 'twas stol'n by death.

They have seen the hands I prest  
Folded like a sculptured pray'r,  
They have seen the lips whose guest  
Mine the only ever were ;  
They have seen your bosom lie  
Motionless for breath or sigh.

With my spirit at this tale  
Tearless sorrow comes to sit.  
Future joy may ne'er avail  
Lamps of hope be never lit ;  
What are joy and hope, love, now ?  
All my joy and hope wert thou.

Then I seem to see the morn  
Stealing through your casement dark,  
And I hear a hunter's horn,  
And an eagle's narrow bark ;  
Pallid moonbeams drape your bed  
Like a virgin pall-cloth spread.

And I wail, "Oh, she was mine !  
Kisses, vows and glad-eyed tears  
Had we in the days divine,  
Ere they darkened up our years ;  
Ere they said it shall not be,  
And took my love away from me !"

Stolid at thy side I stand :—  
"Who is this here lying dead ?"  
Then I touch thy frozen hand :—  
"Love arise, the night is sped.  
I thy love have come though late,  
Rise, I say, or I shall hate."

But the hand, all frozen, cold,  
Yields not though I pluck it hard ;  
And the cere-cloth's frozen fold  
Lies in rigid disregard.  
Now I know that thou art dead,  
Lying on this chill white bed.

"Ho !" I raise the house and say,  
"Here your maiden daughter lies :  
Put the poor sweet thing away  
Under ground from human eyes.  
Does she not look pure and fair ?  
—No, I'll not have of her hair.

"Madam, yes ; I did love her—  
(I will not have of her hair).  
I have had her kisses, sir,  
Sweeter kisses never were.  
Kiss, poor father ! Mother kiss !  
—Now, which of us three did this ?

"Better, maybe, she is dead  
Than that she should toil and spin  
By my side if we were wed ;  
Dying early, too, saves sin—  
Madam, had you died like her  
This sin were saved—think you, sir."

Then I rise and beat the air  
Like a swimmer mad with dread :—  
"Golden sunshine was her hair,  
Sunshine now for ever fled.  
Oh, my sunshine drowned in night !  
My yesterday of all delight !

"O voiceless waste ! Desert woe !  
Bending weight of love-full days  
That I never more may know !  
Pain I cannot bear or praise !  
Crush me night ! numb me ye winds !  
Speed me, death, that chills and blinds."

Hark ! from brown ploughed fields below  
Through winds sighing at the beat  
Of show'rs, the earliest crow  
Of bird, and near the bleat  
Of sheep—and, lo, cautious day  
Finds the hills all sober grey !

I awake from waking dreams  
To wander in dream-peopled lands  
When the golden sunlight gleams  
Through leaves on wov'n silver sands :  
Where scent and song flood the hour  
Wooing my love to her bow'r.

But she hies not while I stay !  
Now for shadows of the morn  
Comes the full light of the day  
Through the boughs of leaves forlorn ;  
And o'er ocean with the light  
A red rose she wore last night !

Rose, I kiss thee and I know  
All the fragrance of the lips  
That you drank when, while ago,  
Light was buried in eclipse :  
Where I hold last held her fingers !  
Where I kiss her breath yet lingers !

My heart measures heavy pain—  
Beats to sighs I cannot breathe.  
Sunshine fills the narrow lane ;  
Wailings where the waters seethe ;  
My grief murmurs where I stand ;  
My joy suns another land.

Red lips—red rose, true love's token !—  
Pause I on the road of fate,  
Far off silences are broken ;  
Sounds arise that desolate.  
For the healing of my care  
Can I do aught ? Aught I dare.

Red war ! I rise. I will feel  
Rush of men, the bugles' blare,  
Squadrons' thunder, shriek of steel  
Eating steel, the shattered air  
Hoarse in pain, and from their slips  
Baying of the battle-ships !

Gird me up and I will go  
Down the mountains to the fray,  
Carve a pathway through the foe  
Where the hissing sabres play.  
Give me death, or my desires  
Out beyond the battle-fires !

RICHARD DOWLING.

REVIEWS.

*Savage and Civilised Russia.* By W. R. London : Longmans, Green, and Co.

W. R. appears to be amongst those who believe that the ultimate aim of all Russia's numerous conquests is the invasion of that grand but unsubstantial element of British greatness, our Indian Empire, and he devotes the bulk of his space to showing that her policy all through history, from the present down to the times of purely fabulous traditions, has been consistently one of craftiness, deceit, cruelty, and aggression. Her wonderfully rapid and extraordinary growth in power and territory, extending north, east, west, and south, are regarded only as means to "the all-hail hereafter!" He points out that her final conquests have always been preceded by repeated invasions, as they were in Persia, Poland, Finland, Turkey, China, the Caucasus, and Turkestan ; that Russian "atrocities" of the most savage character have never been wanting as gratuitous additions to the unavoidable horrors of warfare ; nor grossly impudent violations of the most solemn international treaties ; nor the cry of peace, where no peace was ; nor false pretences of a religious mission to mask real intentions, which were neither holy, just, nor charitable. That Russia has always been ambitious and unscrupulous, and even now displays a large proportion of original savage elements in her mode of governing and warfare, no reader of history can deny. That with such a character she is not desirable as a too near neighbour is equally plain. We regard, however, but lightly the old bug-bear belief which existed in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, and rested then as now upon the same comparatively trifling facts and vague fables, upon the same might-be, or could-be, or would-be-if theories of political and partisan writers. The Marquis of Londonderry, who visited the North of Europe in 1836-7, published an account of what he saw and heard in that country, and combating the idea that Russia had any desire to conquer Turkey, said :—"It would be bold to predict what the position of Russia may be some hundred years hence. Undoubtedly the rapid progress she has made in civilisation and improvement since the war with France, and since her legions were transported from the banks of the Volga, the Don, and the Vistula, to those of the Seine surpasses belief. Since 1815 she has advanced in these respects at least a century. . . . I feel assured that those who descend largely in the British Parliament on the situation of Russia would do well to examine the country in details before they venture on statements which their ocular observations would disprove. Russia, in my opinion, is directing her mighty means to bring to perfection all parts of that empire which acknowledge her sway before she attempts to grapple with more extent of dominion. Whether she can manage and govern well what she possesses is a primary question ; to seize upon more before this is ascertained would greatly endanger what exists. . . . There is very great disinclination amongst all the Russians I have conversed with to the conquest of other dominions." But Marshal Marmont's ocular observations disproved those of the Marquis, for he also had travelled in Russia, and had arrived at a very different opinion. As it was, so it is ; neither the Marquis nor the Marshal have wanted representatives from their day to this. The Marquis says : "I am disposed to argue, *à fortiori*, that any designs (of Russia) upon our Indian possessions are a mere dream," but adds judiciously, "at the same time I admit the good policy of Great Britain in cementing in every possible manner friendships and alliances with Turkey and Persia. Both must be entirely subdued or under the dictation of Russia before the safety of India could be endangered." A little before these words were written Mr. Attwood from his seat in Parliament said that he considered British India, with a population of twenty-seven thousand Europeans and one hundred millions of natives, was in a better situation to threaten St. Petersburg than St. Petersburg was to threaten Calcutta. In point of fact, the arguments used forty years ago were in words and effect those now used, although in the interval so much has occurred having so strong direct bearing upon the questions then under discussion which one might fairly enough expect would make them either stronger or weaker than they then were, and the mere fact that they remain exactly the same has in itself a significant bearing upon the real character of an emergency, which a section of our press would fain have us believe is immediate and urgent. The government of the Turk is not admirable, nor is that of Russia, and although the latter is called Christian, and the Turks are now, perhaps, fighting unaided and alone what is really the battle of Europe, we see in either of these facts no real ground for preference in espousing one cause or the other. In Turkey the geographical features of the war are all against the invaders and for the defenders, and even if the Turks, being the inferior power, are driven from one line of defence after the other away from the Danube and towards Constantinople, the war must be a desperately prolonged and obstinate one. We can afford to be patient and increase our strength, satisfied that if the time ever comes for our interference in this bloody struggle, we shall have lost little by waiting. This was our conclusion before we saw "Savage and Civilised Russia," and it remains unaltered by its perusal.

The author in his first chapter traces the Russian nation back to the sons of Japheth and his descendant Rosh, and associates it with the fabulous poetic annals of ancient Greece. Seeing that we have no mention of the name of Russia until 839, when it first appeared in the Bertinian annals, and that the first historian of Russia was Nestor, a monk of Kiev, a city founded after 862, this seems to us not a little absurd. W. R. states, by-the-by, that Nestor lived in the tenth—some historians say in the ninth—century. The fact is that he lived in the latter part of the eleventh and the early part of the twelfth century. Anciently the Russians were neither Slavonian nor Goths, but a warlike and distinct people, speaking their own language and occupying what is now termed the Crimea. Rurik, the Varangian (Northman or Norman) arrived amongst the Slavonians as their sovereign in 862. The Orientals, who acknowledge Saklab as the father of the Slavonians, do not bestow on the Russians the same genealogy. Constantine Porphyrogenetes speaks of the Slavonians and Russians as two peoples of different race and language. In point of fact, the colossus of the North has no real ancient history, the enormous empire embraces a very large number of different barbarous races, obscure in their origin and devoid of any but traditionary annals, and before the close of the fourteenth century we have very little that is reliable and satisfactory in the way of Russian history.

*The Royal School of Mines Magazine ; a Journal for Students.* London : Wyman and Sons. The sentiment with which this interesting little literary venture has been sent forth, is sure to command a friendly reception for it, and we heartily wish it all the success it thoroughly deserves. The introductory address says, "We may be deemed bold by the outside world for endeavouring to start and maintain this magazine ; for, once begotten, we dare not let it die an untimely death. But it is for the sake of ourselves, and those who were once with us, but now are scattered over the four quarters of the globe, that we wish it to live and flourish, and to receive that assistance and encouragement which shall enable us to issue three numbers in each session." The contents of the two numbers before us are varied and interesting in the extreme, and such as almost any reader would find pleasure in perusing.

*Things in General.* A Quarterly Magazine. London : Kent and Co. The second number of this light and very readable, if somewhat eccentric magazine, is an improvement upon the first, which was rather too jerky and scrappy in its general character, and in the effort to be original, only succeeded in acquiring oddness, which isn't exactly the same thing.

*Railway Accidents, &c.* By JOHN ARMSTRONG. London : Cockburn's United Service Agency Society. This is a small pamphlet, dealing practically with the important subject of railway accidents, with a view to their prevention, and arguing that although they arise chiefly from the fallibility of poor humanity, much may be done for their prevention which ought at once to be done. There need nor ghost nor pamphlet to tell us this.

*The Midland Railway Programme for the Holiday Season of 1877* has been sent to us, with a group of lithographed views illustrative of the picturesque and romantic scenery commanded by this admirably managed line. As we glance through it delightful visions of green shady lanes and sunlight filtered through flickering leaves, of sunny hill sides, of nooks and corners where quaint old barns and thatched cottages sleep the summer hours away in the undisturbed calm of extreme old age, of ivy clothed ruins, and sky reflecting rivers glistening with the myriad diamonds they are bearing to the sea ; of wild rocky heights, peaks, and lovely dales in Derbyshire ; mountain grandeur in Scotland ; rugged sea coasts in Yorkshire ; of marvellous ever-changing beauty in the great Lake district, of ocean views in calm and storm, &c., &c., &c. And yet people go abroad for their holidays ! The speed and care and cheapness with which the Midland will convey us to all these changeable and delightful scenes make one look back regretfully to the days of our poor old grandfathers with a deep seated feeling of pity and regret that for them these glorious privileges were not.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. (Boxford).—We have been requested by a score of correspondents to hold over the Solutions of the Problems. We know we cannot please everybody, but we try to gratify the majority.

J. W. (Sheffield).—You can obtain the *Westminster Papers* on application to the publishers, 8, Salisbury-court, E.C.

J. S. W. (Camberwell).—There is no probability of the match being played for some time to come, if indeed it will be played at all.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 145 received from J. Wontone, H. M. S., S. K., J. S. Wills, F. T. C., J. W. A., Queen of Connaught, Henry Wilson, W. McArdell, and Arethusa.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 138.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Q B 6 Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

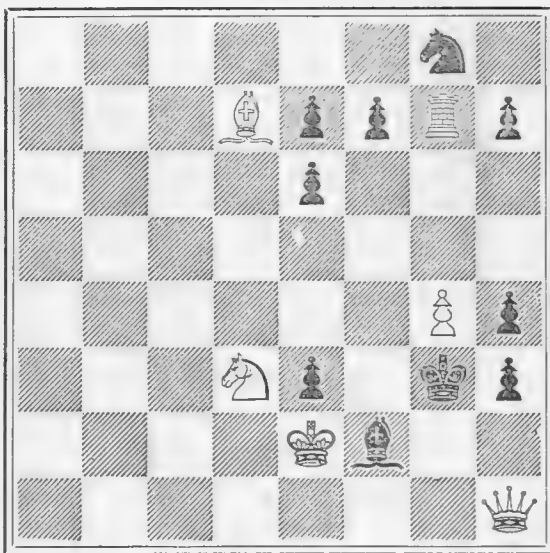
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 139.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to B 5 P takes R  
2. R to K 6 Any move.  
3. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 146.

By F. W. MARTINDALE.  
(From the *St. Louis Globe*.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS AT THE DIVAN.

THE following game, although faulty in the opening, presents points of considerable interest in the middle and the ending :—

[Scotch Gambit.]

WHITE. (Mr. K.)	BLACK. (Mr. Hewitt.)	WHITE. (Mr. R.)	BLACK. (Mr. Hewitt.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	19. Q to Kt 4	Kt takes K P (e)
2. P to Q 4	P takes P	20. B takes Kt	Q to B 3
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	21. K to R 2	P to Q 4
4. B to B 4	B to B 4	22. P to B 5 (f)	P takes B
5. Castles	P to Q 3	23. Kt takes P	Q to Kt (ch)
6. P to K R 3 (a)	Kt to B 3	24. R to B 4	P to K R 4
7. B to Q 3 (b)	Castles	25. Q to Kt 3	B takes Kt
8. Q to K 2	Q to K 2	26. Q R takes B	Q takes R
9. P to Q Kt 3	Kt to Q 2	27. R takes Q	R takes R
10. B to Kt 2	Kt to K 4	28. Q takes Q B P	P to Q Kt 3
11. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	29. Q to K Kt 3	R to Q sq
12. P to K B 4	Q to K 2 (c)	30. Q to H 3	Q K to K sq
13. Kt to Q 2	B to Q 2	31. B to B sq	H to Q 3 (ch)
14. R to B 3	Kt to Kt 5	32. K to Kt sq	R to K 8 (ch)
15. R to Q B sq (d)	Kt takes K P	33. K to B 6	R takes H
16. R to R sq	Kt to B 6	34. P to B 6	R takes P (ch)
17. O to B 2	B to B 3	35. K to B sq	B to Kt 3
18. Q to Kt 3	K R to K sq		Resigns.

(a) Mere waste of time. P to B 3 is the accredited move here, but even it scarcely enables the first player to obtain an even game. This phase of the "Scotch" is therefore to be carefully avoided.  
(b) A further manifestation of White's disbelief in the virtue of time-gaining—he ought to have pinned the K Kt.  
(c) Black evidently did not desire too good a game, or he would have complimented his Q P by employing it to make this capture.  
(d) Forgetful of Mr. Lowe's apothegm—Pawns "are not to be picked up in the street."  
(e) The key-move of an elaborate and clever combination.  
(f) Much better to have taken R P.





SCENES FROM FAMOUS PLAYS AND OPERAS.—III. SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "LOHENGRIK."



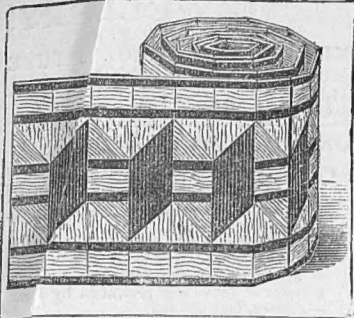
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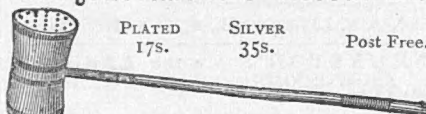
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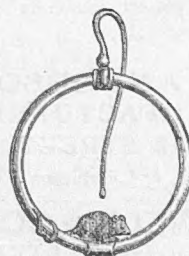
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only cured me of the symptoms advertised, but also of  
cramp, which I have had occasionally ever since I can  
remember. The effects in my case are astonishing, as I  
am constitutionally bilious, and am now fifty-two years  
of age. My mother and youngest sister were never cured  
of sickness (biliousness seems hereditary), and I quite  
expected to suffer like them for the rest of my life. I am  
now taking my fourth bottle, and was joined in the others  
by some of my family, so that I have taken scarcely three  
bottles. I feel I ought to make some acknowledgment,  
so trust you will excuse this. ELIZA PELLING."

"14, Rue de la Paix, Paris, Jan. 16, 1877.  
"A gentleman called in yesterday; he is a constant  
sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia, and has taken all sorts  
of Mineral Waters. I recommended him to give your  
Salt a trial, which he did, and received great benefit; he  
says he never knew what it was to be without pain until  
he tried your Salt, and for the future shall never be  
without it in the house. M. BERAL."

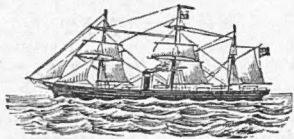
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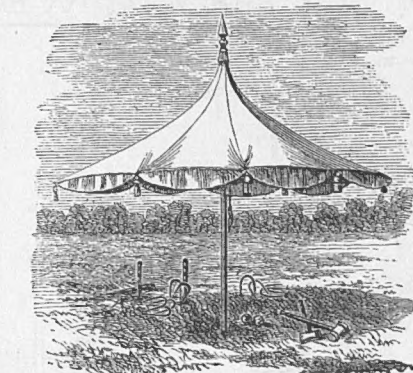
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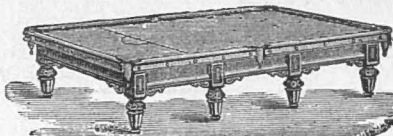
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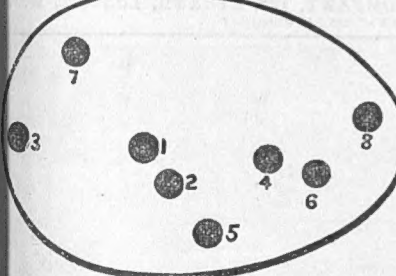
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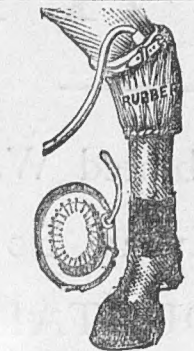
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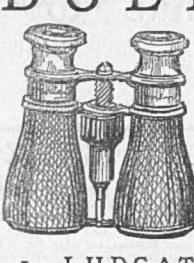
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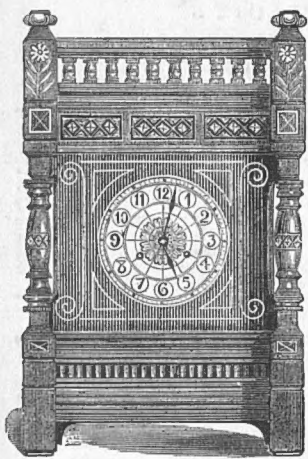
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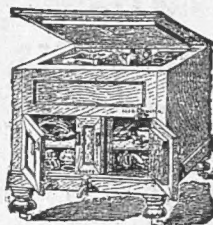
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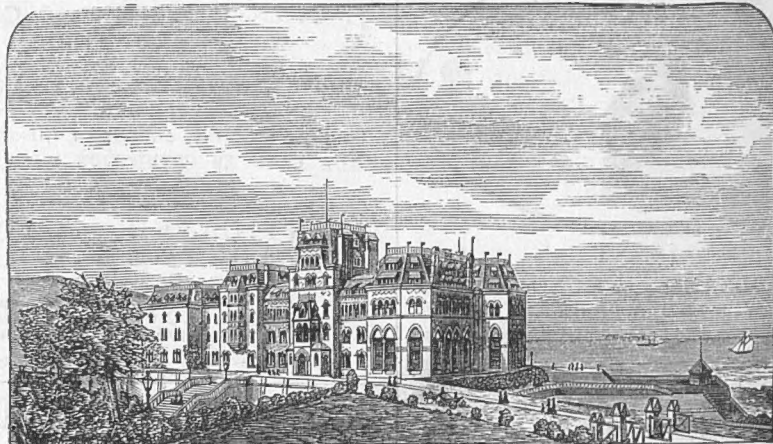


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